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Shell Nature Studies 19 *SEA ANEMONES*

PAINTED BY TRISTRAM HILLIER



More than most of our native creatures, sea-anemones flaunt colours as brilliant as a travel-film. A single species may contain many colour varieties; and you have to reckon that a sea-anemone looks different open and shut. The tide ebbs and our commonest anemone, the BEADLET, closes to a blob of wet velvet (1). A variety of the Beadlet is the speckled STRAWBERRY ANEMONE, shut (2), then expanding (3), as the tide — and food with it — comes back.

Tentacles of the OPELET, commoner on the south and west coast than along the North Sea, combine green and lilac in its usual form (4). Another form waves bluish grey tentacles (5). In the south and west you may find the little jewelled DEVONSHIRE CUP CORAL (6 & 7) on rock or shell. The PLUMOSE ANEMONE (8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13) belongs to the shallow sea-bed rather than the rock pool, often clustering in a colony (14). It is frilly, its tentacles are like fur, and its colour range is tinned salmon to white. This Plumose Anemone shuts (15) to a neat swelling. The poet Gerard Manley Hopkins called sea-anemones 'flesh-flowers of the rock'.

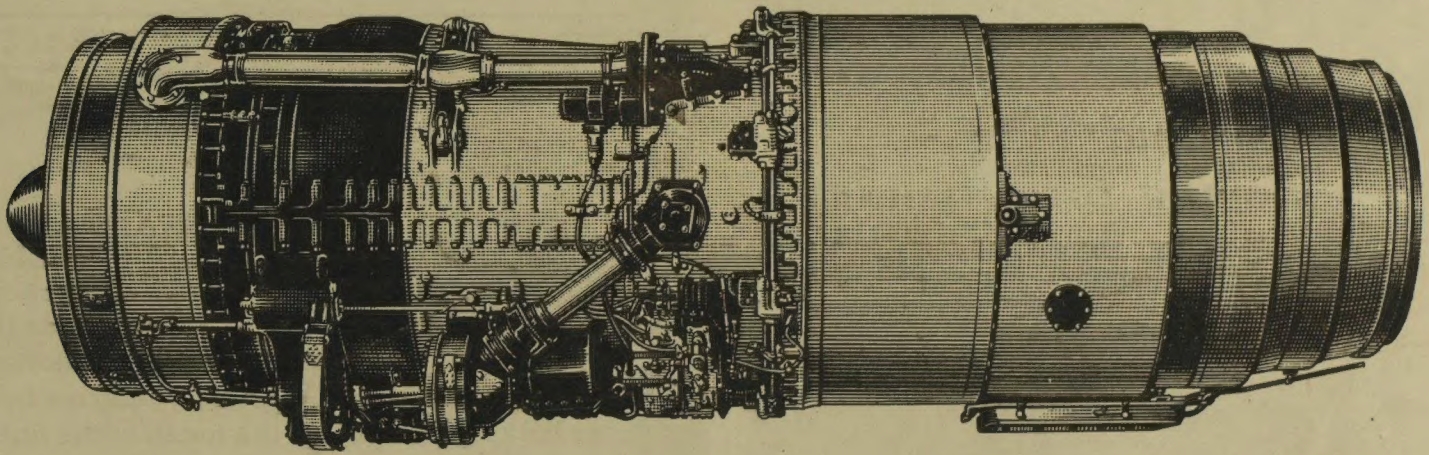
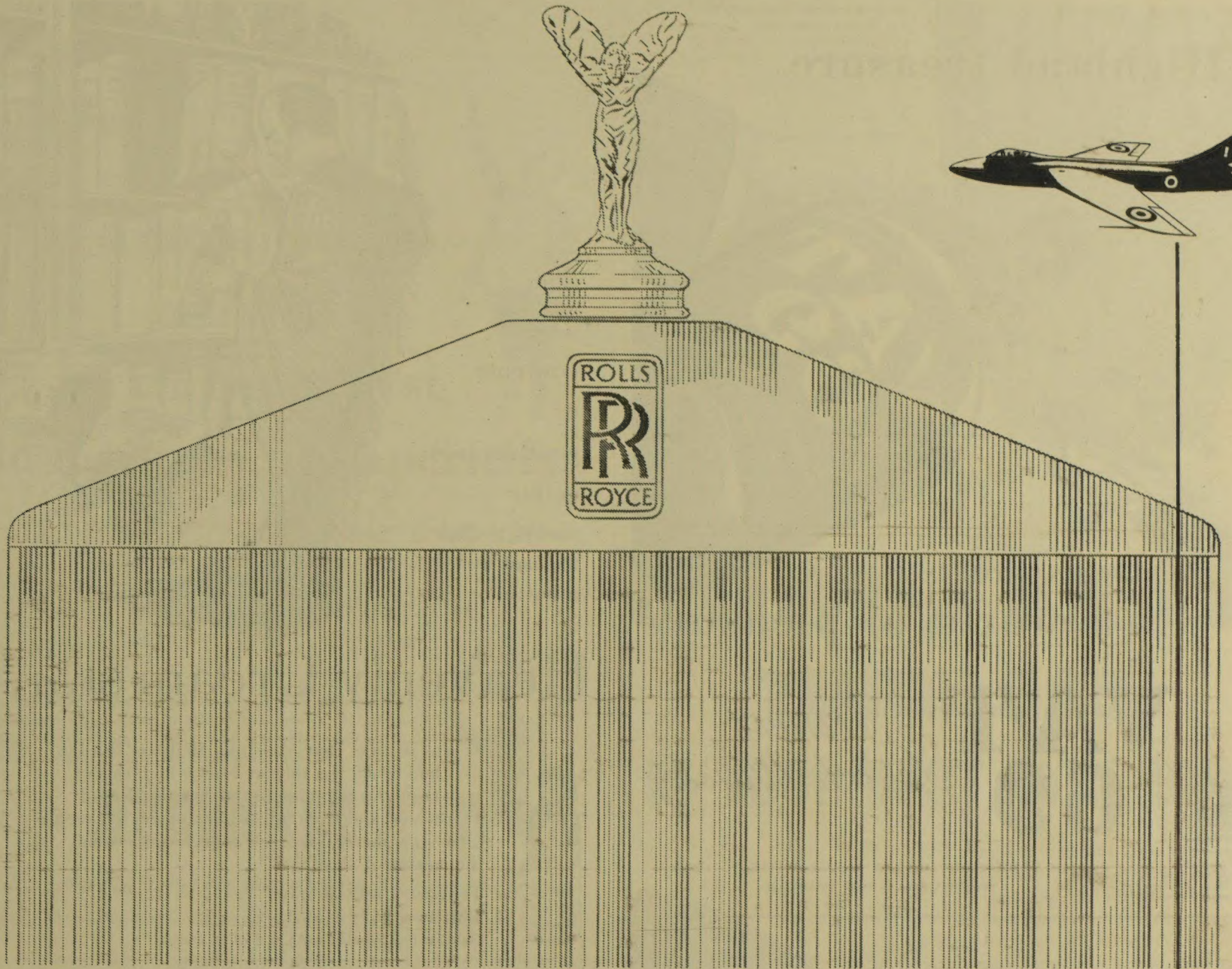


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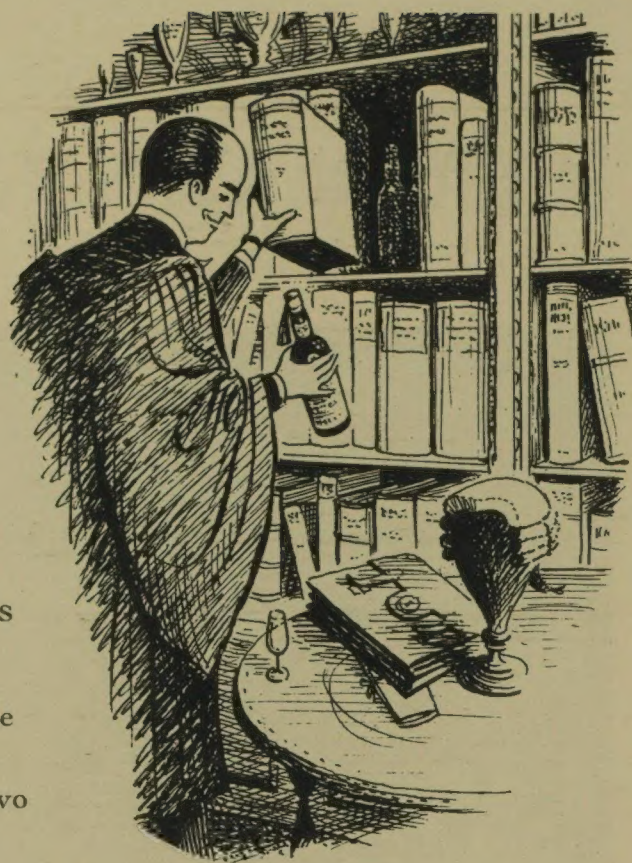
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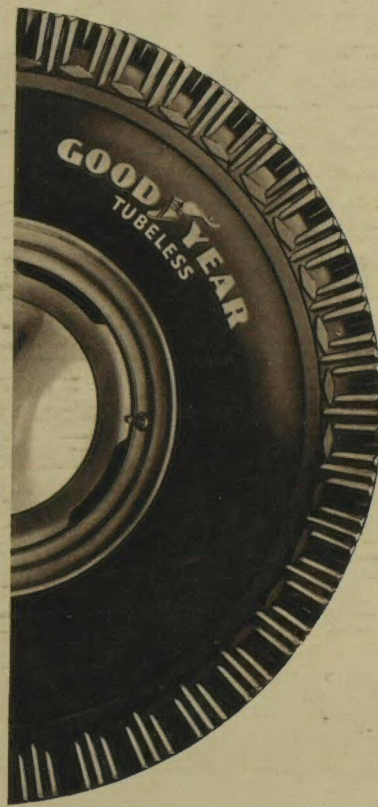
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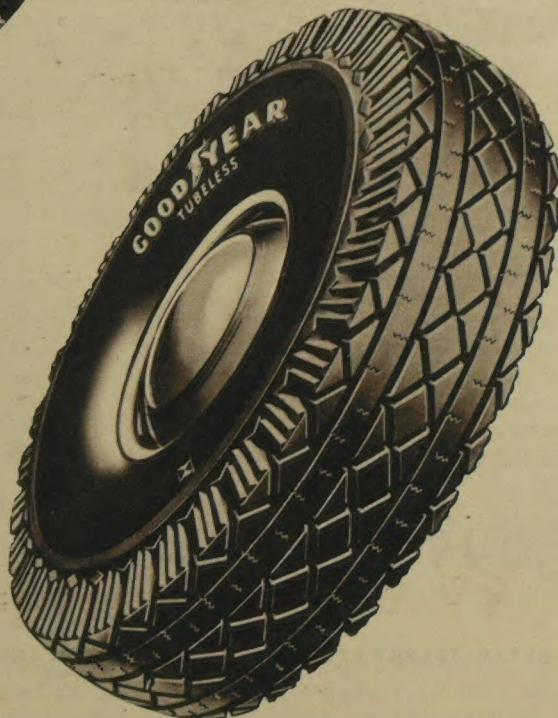
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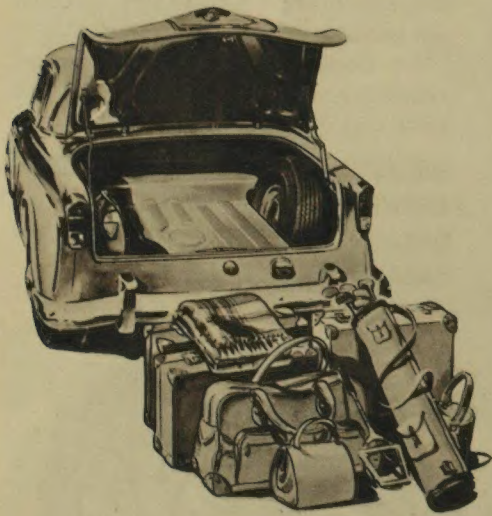
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SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1936.



THE OPENING OF THE STATE VISIT OF KING FAISAL OF IRAQ : HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN DRIVING WITH HER ROYAL GUEST ALONG THE BEFLAGGED MALL TOWARDS BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

After arriving from the Continent by sea, H.M. King Faisal of Iraq was met at Dover by the Duke of Gloucester and travelled by train to Victoria Station. Here he was met by the Queen and together they drove in a State landau along the processional route, with an escort of the Household Cavalry, to Buckingham

Palace, the Mall being decorated with the alternate flags of the United Kingdom and Iraq. Crowds lined the streets to greet this Royal guest from overseas, who is already a well-known and popular figure in this country. Other photographs of King Faisal's arrival appear on a later page.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WHILE reading the correspondence columns in *The Times* the other morning, my eye was caught by what struck me as a curious example of the extreme rigidity of the Corporate State which, in a generous and high-minded attempt to eradicate grave social abuses, we have substituted in my lifetime for the more individualist and elastic organisation of society formerly prevailing in this country. It occurred in a letter from the Leader of the London County Council in reply to the charges brought by Mr. T. S. Eliot and others that the proposal to erect an amusement tower in the Festival Gardens in Battersea Park was, apart from other considerations, a shocking extravagance for a statutory authority to sponsor at a time when the country's financial position is in such jeopardy and public economy has become essential if inflation is to be checked and British exports not to be priced out of foreign markets. To this Mr. Hayward replied:

QUEEN VICTORIA'S SCARF.

Attention has rightly been concentrated on two questions: the first, whether the project is consistent with good planning; the second, whether substantial expenditure ought to be incurred on such a project at this time. The second issue neither the London County Council, as local planning authority, nor the Minister of Housing and Local Government, as the appellate planning authority, is entitled to consider. It must surely be wrong that either the L.C.C. or the Minister should attempt by their planning powers to enforce an economic control not conferred by the planning Acts.*

This seems to a layman in politics like myself an extraordinary position to be adopted by the official Leader of what, after Parliament, is the most important representative body in the country. It is because Mr. Hayward speaks on its behalf and is himself such a highly-experienced, able and fair-minded public man that I feel it calls for comment. For it is clearly based on a considered view of public duty and goes, I suspect, to the root of that administrative *malaise* that is slowly reducing this formerly rich and powerful country to a position of impotence and slow decay, similar to that into which the once great empires of Rome, China and Spain and so many others have fallen in the past. At its heart lies the substitution of a rigid legal definition or formula for the judgment of the individual—the individual without whom, Disraeli once said, with a flash of insight that recalled the Old Testament prophets of his tenacious and discerning race, “political institutions are meat without salt, the Crown a bauble, the Church an establishment, Parliaments debating clubs, and civilisation itself but a fitful and transient dream.” For, in effect, what Mr. Hayward is saying is that, in its capacity as local planning authority, the London County Council and the human beings who comprise it are only entitled to exercise judgment and conscience within the terms that legally define a planning authority's duties. That is to say, it must operate, and think, in blinkers. Even if what it does is directly opposed to common sense or conscience, no appeal to common sense or conscience can properly be made to it. A planning authority, Mr. Hayward seems to say, is not concerned with common sense. In whatever relates to planning, it is concerned only with planning.

Mr. Hayward obviously believes in the truth of this thesis or he would not advance it. And I am just as firmly convinced that he is wrong and that this sterile doctrine, as I regard it, carried to its logical conclusion, will result in the failure and ultimate bankruptcy of any nation or society that tries to follow it. For men and women, whether they act as individuals or band themselves together in societies, there can never be any ultimate substitute for individual common sense and conscience. Without these they will fail, even when armed with all the powers and weapons in the

world. They are helpless without them as a cat in a hole without its whiskers. It is right that there should be government by popular delegation and representation instead of government by an irresponsible autocrat or aristocracy, as in the past. But unless those who exercise such government use on behalf of the community the powers of judgment and conscience with which as individuals they have been endowed by the Almighty, they are certain to fail in their duty as representatives. The issue was well put by Edmund Burke nearly 200 years ago when he repudiated the proposition that, as a member of the House of Commons, he was bound in such matters by the mandates of those who had elected him. “Certainly,” he said, “it ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought

to have great weight with him; their opinions high respect, their business unremitted attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasure, his satisfactions, to theirs; and above all, ever, and in all cases, to prefer their interest to his own. But his unbiased opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of men living. Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays, instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion. . . . Government and legislation are matters of reason and judgment, and not of inclination; and what sort of reason is that in which the determination precedes the discussion, in which one set of men deliberate and another decide, and where those who form the conclusion are perhaps 300 miles distant from those who hear the arguments? . . . Authoritative instructions, mandates issued, which the member is bound blindly and implicitly to obey, to vote, and to argue for, though contrary to the clearest convictions of his judgment and conscience—these are things utterly unknown to the laws of this land, and which arise from a fundamental mistake of the whole order and tenor of our Constitution.” Unfortunately, in our attempt to correct the faults of an excessive individualism, we have allowed the false principle Burke denounced to enter into our political life. Despite the expansion of democratic forms, individual judgment and conscience are being less exercised in the government of Britain to-day than at any time in her history. Things, we are told, have got too big and complex to be guided by human judgment and conscience; they must be dealt with, strictly in the approved statutory way, by rule of thumb. Every problem must be considered in isolation; an individual may exercise economy as an individual because the

government tells him that the country's financial solvency and livelihood is in danger, but a statutory planning authority, representing millions of individuals, cannot do so because this would be “to enforce an economic control not conferred by the planning Acts.” This, if I may be forgiven for saying so, is the kind of argument that, in a far graver matter, was applied by many French politicians and administrators to excuse their inert passivity when the life of France was being snuffed out for lack of initiative and decisive action by those who might have saved it. The parable of the Talents holds true of all who are servants of the public. If they bury their talent—that is their capacity for individual judgment and conscience—and refuse to use it, they will end, like the 1940 politicians and administrators of France, in being found wanting in the hour of ultimate decision. MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN—the mysterious words do not only apply to banqueting kings. They apply to all who reign but do not rule. “This is the interpretation of the thing . . . God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. . . . Thou art weighed in the balances and art found

wanting. . . . Thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians.”

I am not suggesting that the Leader of the London County Council is under any obligation to agree with the Government's economic policy or with its diagnosis. He and his supporters are at liberty to denounce it and to refuse to implement it on the ground that they consider it wrong or mistaken. This may be Mr. Hayward's position, and, if so, though I should disagree with him, I should regard his right to say so as an inherent part of our Constitution and one which all who love their country should be ready to champion and defend. But I cannot do other than deplore his contention that he and the public body he leads are precluded from exercising judgment in such a matter because some Planning Act has not given them express authority to do so. The right to exercise judgment and conscience are not given to men by Planning or any other Acts of Parliament but by their Creator, and on their exercising them the stability, virtue and happiness of society depend. Parliaments and County Councils exist only as *media* in which they may do so.



A NEW ZEALAND HOLDER OF THE “QUEEN'S SCARF”: A SECTION OF A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT GERMISTON, TRANSVAAL, IN 1902, OF “COL. PORTER & OFFICERS 7TH N.Z.M.R.,” SHOWING “CAPTAIN COUTTS, N.Z. ‘QUEEN'S SCARF’” (SEATED, EXTREME LEFT).

In our issue of June 23 we published photographs and a note about the world's rarest award for valour—Queen Victoria's Scarf, a crocheted scarf made by Queen Victoria's own hands in her eighty-second year. We then recorded that only four were made, and that these were awarded to “Colonial soldiers” and we mentioned three names: Private R. R. Thompson of Canada; Trooper A. H. Dufrayer of Australia; and Trooper L. Chadwicks of Cape Colony. Since then we have learnt from Lieut.-Colonel L. J. Webb, of Bournemouth, the name of a fourth holder, Captain Coutts of New Zealand, whose photograph appears above. In addition, we have been informed of yet a fifth scarf, a proud exhibit in the Museum of The East Surrey Regt. at Kingston-upon-Thames, which has with it this notice: “This Scarf made with her own hands by Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria (Empress of India) for the Most Deserving Non-Commissioned Officer or Soldier of the 2nd Bn., East Surrey Regt. was given to No. 2085 Colour Sergeant Henry George Clay.”



A FIFTH “QUEEN'S SCARF”: THAT AWARDED TO COLOUR-SERGEANT HENRY GEORGE CLAY OF THE 2ND BN., THE EAST SURREY REGT., AND NOW HELD IN THE REGIMENTAL MUSEUM AT KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES.



LEAVING VICTORIA STATION: THE QUEEN, KING FAISAL AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THE LEADING CARRIAGE OF THE PROCESSION TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



ONE OF KING FAISAL'S FIRST PUBLIC FUNCTIONS DURING HIS FOUR-DAY STATE VISIT: LAYING A WREATH ON THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR.

From July 16 to 19 King Faisal of Iraq, accompanied by the Crown Prince, was the guest of her Majesty at Buckingham Palace. The twenty-one-year-old King, who was educated in this country, had a crowded programme. Among the principal items arranged was a State Banquet at Buckingham Palace on the evening of July 16, the day of his arrival. On the following day the King and the Crown Prince were to be entertained to luncheon by the Lord Mayor

THE STATE VISIT OF KING FAISAL OF IRAQ: SCENES DURING THE OPENING DAY.



DISSEMBARKING FROM H.M.S. DEFENDER AT DOVER ON HIS ARRIVAL ON JULY 16: KING FAISAL, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.



A ROYAL WELCOME AT VICTORIA STATION: KING FAISAL, HAVING BEEN WELCOMED BY THE QUEEN, SALUTES THE QUEEN MOTHER AND THE OTHER ROYAL LADIES.



THE QUEEN AND HER GUEST DRIVE THROUGH PARLIAMENT SQUARE ON THEIR WAY TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE. CROWDS LINED THE ROUTE OF THE PROCESSION.

and Corporation of London, at Guildhall. Later on that day the Royal guests were to visit the British Museum, and in the evening King Faisal was to entertain the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to dinner at the Iraqi Embassy. On the third day of his visit the young King was to visit his old school, Harrow. At the conclusion of the State visit King Faisal and the Crown Prince will be staying privately in this country for a few days.

A HUNGARIAN AIRCRAFT SEIZED IN MID-AIR.



SIX OF THE GROUP OF SEVEN HUNGARIANS WHO SEIZED CONTROL OF A COMMUNIST AIRCRAFT IN MID-AIR AND LANDED IN WEST GERMANY TO SEEK POLITICAL ASYLUM



AFTER THE STRUGGLE TO SEIZE THE AIRCRAFT: THE INTERIOR, SHOWING BATTERED AND BLOODSTAINED FURNISHINGS AND THROWN-UP FLOORBOARDS.



AFTER THE LANDING: SEATED ON THE AIRFIELD, SOME OF THOSE WHO ELECTED TO RETURN TO HUNGARY. IN THE FOREGROUND, TWO REFUGEES.

On July 13, seven Hungarian students, six men and a girl, while travelling in a Hungarian Airlines civil airliner from Budapest to Szombathely, overpowered the rest of the passengers and then, breaking into the crew's compartment, overpowered them, too, after a fierce struggle, took control of the aircraft and landed it on the Manching airstrip near Ingolstadt, in Western Germany. These seven students asked for political asylum, and a little later a man and a girl, who had been passengers in the aircraft, also asked for asylum. Many of the passengers were bruised and bloodstained and a member of the crew, who has been described as a member of the secret police, had a fractured skull. According to one report, at one stage in the struggle the pilot put the aircraft into a dive and a loop; and much of the damage may have been the result of this.

GREAT BATTING IN THE THIRD TEST.

The third Test against Australia, at Leeds, opened disastrously on July 12 for England, who had won the toss and elected to bat. Three wickets fell for 17. At this point May was joined by Washbrook, whose recall to the English side (for which he last played in 1951) had been the subject of much criticism. Washbrook proceeded to play a magnificent innings; and he and May raised the score to 204 by the end of the day, May being caught in the last minutes by Lindwall off Johnson for 101, with Washbrook 90. On the following day Washbrook just failed to reach his century, being l.b.w. to Benaud at 98. England made 325 all out and Australia followed on after scoring 143.



IN THE FOURTH-WICKET STAND WHICH RESCUED ENGLAND FROM COLLAPSE: THE CAPTAIN, PETER MAY, DRIVING BENAUD DURING HIS INNINGS OF 101.



THE END OF AN INNINGS WHICH CONFOUNDED THE CRITICS AND JUSTIFIED THE SELECTORS: WASHBROOK, L.B.W. TO BENAUD AFTER A MAGNIFICENT 98.



AT THE END OF THE FIRST DAY OF THE SECOND TEST, THE LANCASHIRE BATSMAN, WASHBROOK, RECEIVING A GREAT WELCOME FROM THE CROWD AFTER SCORING 90 NOT OUT.

THE SCENE OF A DISASTROUS EARTHQUAKE: THE ISLAND OF SANTORINI, IN THE ÆGEAN.



THE SCENE OF A DISASTROUS EARTHQUAKE ON JULY 9: THE HARBOUR OF THE ISLAND OF SANTORINI, IN THE ÆGEAN, WITH THE VERTICAL CLIFFS RISING ABOVE IT.



THE HARBOUR OF SANTORINI, WITH THE ISLAND'S PRINCIPAL CITY OF THERA ABOVE. THIS ANCIENT VOLCANIC ISLAND IS REMARKABLE FOR ITS WEIRD LANDSCAPE.



AN INTERESTING ARCHITECTURAL FEATURE OF THE ISLAND: ONE OF THE BELL TOWERS—MOORISH IN CHARACTER—OVER THE ROADS.

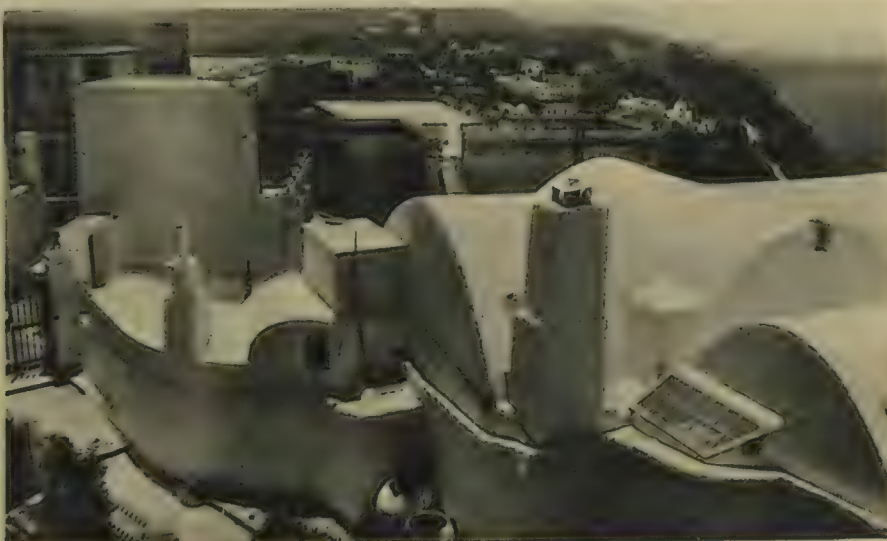


A VIEW ACROSS THERA OF THE "BURNT ISLANDS," WHICH CONTAIN THE PRESENT CRATER OF THE VOLCANO. PARTS OF THE ORIGINAL CRATER CIRCLE MAY BE SEEN IN THE DISTANCE.



PERCHED ON TOP OF THE CLIFFS OF THE VOLCANIC ISLAND OF SANTORINI: THE CITY OF THERA, WHICH SHOWS STRONG AFRICAN INFLUENCES IN ITS ARCHITECTURE. IT WAS SEVERELY DAMAGED IN THE EARTHQUAKE.

In the early morning of July 9 an earthquake struck the tiny volcanic island of Santorini, in the Ægean. Over fifty people were killed and heavy damage was done to buildings, and boats in the harbour, both by the earthquake and the resultant tidal wave. Santorini—the ancient Thera—has a long history, which is marked by the numerous natural disasters which have given the crescent-shaped island a remarkable landscape of cliffs and precipices, on top of which are perched the white towns and villages of the inhabitants.



A MODERN BUILDING IN THE TRADITIONAL STYLE: THE ROOF OF ONE OF THE HOTELS IN THERA. THE CATHEDRAL, WHICH WAS LARGELY DESTROYED IN THE EARTHQUAKE, IS SEEN IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND.

Some 3000 years ago a tremendous subsidence produced a large gap in the original volcano. The sea rushed in, forming the magnificent natural harbour, which reaches a depth of 1280 ft. There have been further eruptions, which have changed the shape of the island, and moved the crater of the volcano, resulting in the series of ominous black islets which surround the main island. The last serious eruptions were in 1928. It is believed that the present disaster was not the result of a volcanic eruption, but of an actual earthquake.

DISASTER IN THE ÆGEAN: HEAVY DAMAGE AND CASUALTIES ON THE ISLAND OF SANTORINI, AT THE CENTRE OF THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE.



TYPICAL OF THE SCENES OF SUDDEN DESTRUCTION WHEN AN EARTHQUAKE STRUCK IN THE EARLY MORNING OF JULY 9: A RUINED HOUSE ON THE ISLAND OF SANTORINI.



ONE OF THE MANY HOMES DESTROYED IN THE VILLAGE OF PYRGOS IN THE CENTRE OF THE ISLAND. OVER FIFTY PEOPLE WERE KILLED DURING THE EARTHQUAKE.



VISITING THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER: KING PAUL OF THE HELLENES (IN THE FOREGROUND) WITH QUEEN FREDERIKA INSPECTING A RUINED HOUSE.



COMPLETELY DESTROYED BY THE EARTHQUAKE: ONE OF THE CHURCHES ON THE ISLAND OF SANTORINI, WITH ITS ENTRANCE BLOCKED UP WITH RUBBLE.

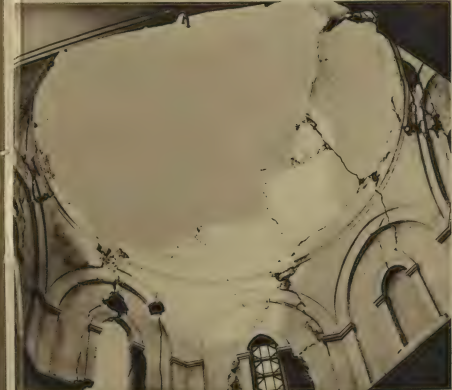
SANTORINI, an island with a long history of natural disasters, was most seriously affected by the earthquake in the Ægean in the early morning of July 9. It is believed that most of the island's population of 15,000 have been made homeless. Over fifty people are known to have been killed and many were injured. The tiny volcanic island is now a scene of widespread ruins. Buildings ranging in size from the cathedral in the capital city of Thera to small peasant huts in the villages have been laid low. The resultant tidal wave is thought to have destroyed most of the boats in the harbours



EVEN THE STRONGEST OF BUILDINGS WERE COMPLETELY LAID LOW. MOST OF THE 15,000 INHABITANTS OF SANTORINI ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE LOST THEIR HOMES.



RESIGNED IN THE FACE OF THE SORT OF DISASTER WHICH IS PART OF THEIR TINY ISLAND'S HISTORY: SOME OF THE HOMELESS PEOPLE OF SANTORINI.



OPEN TO THE SKY: THE RUINED DOME OF THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF THERA, WHICH WAS AMONG THE MANY PUBLIC BUILDINGS DESTROYED.

of Santorini and the surrounding islands. An emergency relief plan, based on previous experience with such disasters, was immediately put into operation by the Greek Government. Greek warships landed rescue parties, doctors and supplies. Two days after the earthquake King Paul of the Hellenes and Queen Frederika, accompanied by Princess Sophie, visited the island and inspected some of the widespread damage. An offer of the help of the British naval units nearest to the island was declined. Tremors (of which 257 were registered at Athens) continued for some twenty-four hours.



SURVEYING THE RUINS OF HIS HOME: A CITIZEN OF THERA, THE CHIEF CITY OF SANTORINI, STANDS AMID THE GAUNT REMAINS OF HIS HOUSE.



ONE OF THE MANY INJURED DURING THE EARTHQUAKE AT SANTORINI: A YOUNG VILLAGER CARRIES HIS INJURED BROTHER OVER THE DEBRIS OF HIS HOME. THE GREEK RED CROSS HAS SET UP AN EMERGENCY HOSPITAL UNDER CANVAS.



ENTIRELY BLOCKED BY RUBBLE: ONE OF THE STREETS IN THERA, WITH THE HEAVILY DAMAGED THEOGENIA HOTEL (ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL HOTELS ON THE ISLAND) ON THE LEFT. AN EMERGENCY RELIEF PLAN WAS PUT INTO ACTION IMMEDIATELY.

THE STORY OF KUWAIT: REMINISCENCES AND HISTORY.

"KUWAIT AND HER NEIGHBOURS." By H. R. P. DICKSON.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

LEGEND has it that when Zoroaster went into the wilderness to meditate, he took with him an enormous cheese—to my imagination it has always been a super-Stilton—which should last him all the days of his sojourn. He, obviously, can have nibbled it only bit by bit. Mine has been a similar experience with this formidable book about Kuwait. It has taken me weeks to read it, a little at a time. If anybody, during my slow and jerky progress, had come up to me and asked, "Are you a man or a mouse?" I should have saluted and said: "Sir, I'm a mouse." I have got through the book by small nibbles.

It wasn't the fact that it was about Arabia that put me off. When I was a child the mere word "Arabia" fascinated me: I was informed that Arabia, like Caesar's Gaul, was divided into three parts, Arabia Petraea (or the stony), Arabia Deserta, and Arabia Felix, which last, I must confess, my sybaritic soul (or should it be body?) preferred. I have always been fascinated by tales from Arabia: though the Arabian Nights Entertainments sprang not from austere encampments around the scattered wells and palm-trees in the oases of the real Arabia, but from the luxurious courts of the Caliphs of Baghdad and the Sultans of Cairo. I have been enthralled by the journeys of Miss Freya Stark. I have known Arabian travellers. With Doughty I corresponded; with Lawrence and Bertram Thomas I often talked, and often with an eminent Cambridge contemporary, who, happily, is still alive. Walter de la Mare, lately interred in the crypt of St. Paul's—though I think that a thorn-sheltered, ghost-haunted, yet flower-bestrewn grave in a country churchyard would have suited him better—sang of Arabia as a place where "the Princes ride at noon." It is a testing phrase for those who do not understand the magic of poetry. "Why Princes?" ask these materialists: "Prince is a purely European term." And why at noon? Why not at dawn or twilight: noon being hardly the time which people in the tropics would choose for riding. People who ask that sort of question haven't the faintest notion as to what poetry is.

It seems to be taking me some time to approach my subject. Frankly, it is so elephantine in size and so kaleidoscopic in scope. Just as I am finishing this article I see a reviewer in *The Times* describing the book as "an enormous rag-bag": I had already written down that very phrase, but, of course, have had to delete it for fear of being accused of copying. Colonel Dickson has a vast knowledge of Arabia, its history, tribes and customs, and he pours it all out, higgledy-piggledy, from his vast cornucopia. In his earlier chapters we are swamped with tribal history and lore. There are pedigrees of ruling families, with the violent ends of their members recorded, which remind me of Lord Melbourne's reply to the young Queen Victoria when she asked him whether she should study Early Scottish history: "No Ma'am, too many Jameses and all murdered." Towards the end there are charming descriptions of travel, with persons and places vividly depicted. The truth is that Colonel Dickson, long a Political Resident in those parts, has rolled several good books into one terrifying one.

"There are," says Colonel Dickson, "probably few parts of the world where the old and new exist side by side, as they do in Arabia. In the deep desert to-day, life as it was in Abraham's time can be seen in all its details. The Badawin nomad still relives the scenes of the Old Testament. His thoughts too are much the same as in the days of Job. His arrogance, independence, pride and self-sufficiency have only been intensified by Islam, while his religious life has been moulded

into a rigid system of creed and formality." Outside the "deep desert" it is very different. In Kuwait the old and the new definitely mingle. When the then British Government scuttled from Abadan, throwing our refineries and a "new town" into the lap of Dr. Moussadeg, that silly Persian demagogue thought that he had something wherewith he could blackmail us. The Anglo-Iranian Company (I hate using the word "Iranian," for the country has been known as "Persia" ever since Herodotus and the Greek Dramatists) had an ace up its sleeve. There was, humanly speaking, an inexhaustible well at Kuwait: geologists had inferred it. It was rapidly exploited.

At the end of this book there is a chapter, by another hand, recording the progress of the Kuwait Oil Company. "In June 1946 the first barrel of oil was exported from Kuwait. Early this month [October 1953] cumulative production from the almost fabulous oil reservoir beneath Kuwait's 'burning sands' passed the 1000 million barrel mark. A thousand million barrels of oil in less than eight years, this remarkable record—surely one of the most impressive industrial achievements of modern times—is unrivalled in oilfield history." The author adds: "Probably

in the name of Islam. In Kuwait itself the older people still retain the traditional friendship for Englishmen (Englishmen have always got on with Arabs, except for the cut-throats), but a younger generation is growing up which is influenced either by Pan-Islamic preaching, or by indoctrination, from Britain, by Trade Union propaganda, setting class against class. There is also the approach, because riches or power are scented, from the farther Arab world.

Since we began pumping the oil out of Kuwait very great changes have happened there. The Ruler's revenue from his royalties amounts, I believe, at the moment to £2,000,000 a week. This is immense for so small a state: imagine the difference it would make to the County of Rutland. Even the wildest of Oriental rulers could hardly spend it on himself, whatever his pullulation of palaces, or however be-diamonded his golden Rolls-Royces. But the Sheikh of Kuwait is remote from that type: a humane and enlightened prince, his vast income is mainly devoted to the development of his country. His fortunate subjects are getting a genuine "Welfare State" without being cruelly taxed for it, or even having, like the Irish and their British (in this respect) fellow-travellers, to take tickets in a sweepstake. The hospitals, I am told, are superb; though, I am also told, they appeared in advance of modern sanitation. The schools are the latest thing in schools, most imposing; though I believe that they were complete before anybody had decided whence the teachers would come. And a wealth of these public edifices were erected before attention was directed to the rehousing of the population, who live mainly in what we should call mud-huts. But a few more years shall roll, and Kuwait will be, physically, a model city.

Politics, however, will, as usual, rear its ugly head. In recent years Kuwait, with its population swollen by immigrants from all the Arab world, has drawn its water from an enormous plant—why, in the name of Botany, industrial

works should be called plants has puzzled me all my life—for distilling fresh-water from sea-water. There is now afoot a scheme for piping water to Kuwait from the Shatt al Arab, the confluent estuary of the Euphrates and the Tigris, which is in the Kingdom of Iraq, whose Government may well cast envious eyes towards this Eldorado, with a view to controlling, if not to acquiring, it. There would be a lot to be said for this scheme were politics not involved: but they are, and, fifth columns being as old as human history, there will be "elements" in Kuwait pressing for the pipe-line for other than "welfare" reasons.

Another crisis ahead, perhaps. Possibly the British Government, oil now being our life-blood, may handle it firmly. But that seems hardly certain in an era when our governing policy seems to be retreat on all fronts—though a glimmer of light has appeared in Cyprus.

* "Kuwait and Her Neighbours." By H. R. P. Dickson. Edited for Publication, by Clifford Witting. Illustrations and Maps. (George Allen and Unwin; 75s.)



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE:
LT.-COL. H. R. P. DICKSON.

Lieut.-Colonel H. R. P. Dickson has had life-long connections with the Middle East. He was born in Beyrout in 1881. Educated at St. Edward's School, Oxford, and Wadham College, Oxford, he joined the 1st Connaught Rangers in 1903. Early in the First World War he was sent to the Middle East, and in the following years he served as Political Officer in several areas. From 1929-36 he was Political Agent at Kuwait, and he has remained there in the service of the Kuwait Oil Company.



A REFLECTION OF THE GREAT OIL BOOM IN KUWAIT: ONE OF THE WIDENED STREETS IN THE OLD TOWN OF KUWAIT, WITH ITS MODERN SHOPS AND AMENITIES. SEVERAL HOSPITALS AND SCHOOLS HAVE BEEN BUILT.

This photograph is not reproduced from the book under review.

one out of two cars passing outside any London office window at this moment is running on Kuwait's oil—a fact by no means generally realised."

This tremendous Widow's Cruze of a Gusher will go on: we don't know how long. Meanwhile, the local effects have been tremendous, nationally and internationally. Before the British influence in Kuwait began to be exercised I conceive (I have never been there, but I do conceive) that the chief industries of Kuwait were the normal for those parts, pearl-fishing; building of dhows for the Karachi Run, with a certain amount of smuggling and piracy on the side. Suddenly the Ali Baba's Cave of Oil is broken into: unimaginable wealth is revealed. What are now the consequences, and what will be the consequences?

Who can tell? Colonel Dickson is pretty gloomy about the effect of the West's penetration in all Arabia: people either surrender to Western Materialism, and the God Petrol, or fiercely resist



CHANDIGARH: THE IMPRESSIVE ENTRANCE TO THE HIGH COURT, DESIGNED BY LE CORBUSIER, IN THE NEW CAPITAL CITY OF THE EAST PUNJAB—A CITY WHICH HAS GROWN FROM A HAMLET IN A FEW YEARS.

The new capital city of the East Punjab is nearing completion. It is an inspiring project, and was started after Lahore, the old capital, became part of Pakistan in 1947. After the existing Punjab cities had been considered as possible new capitals, it was decided finally to build an entirely new city, in a central position, and Chandigarh, to the south of the Himalayas, was the site chosen. To conform with the progressive ideas of present-day India,

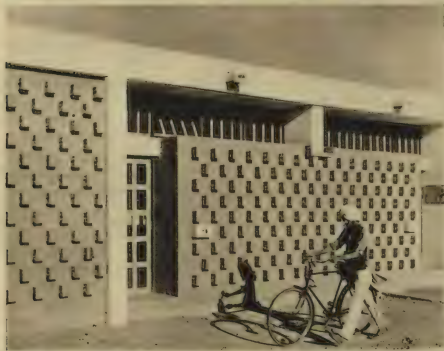
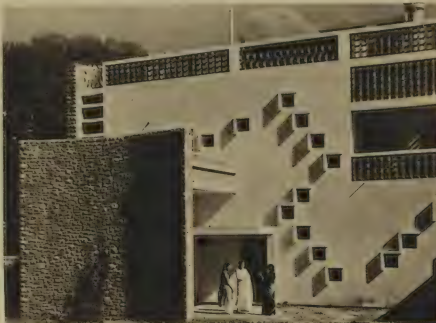
it was felt that an entirely modern style of architecture was required, free of the influence of the ancient Indian tradition. Leading architects of France, Britain, the United States and India were commissioned to design the new city, which must be the first entirely modern city in the East and which is certainly unique in its architectural style. One of the designers was the famous French architect, Le Corbusier.



AN EASTERN CITY BUILT IN A UNIQUE MODERN BRITISH, AMERICAN AND INDIAN ARCHITECTS:

(Left)
INVITING COMMENT:
A TAPESTRY OF
ABSTRACT DESIGN
WHICH DECORATES
THE WALL OF ONE OF
THE COURTHOUSES IN
THE HIGH COURT
BUILDING.

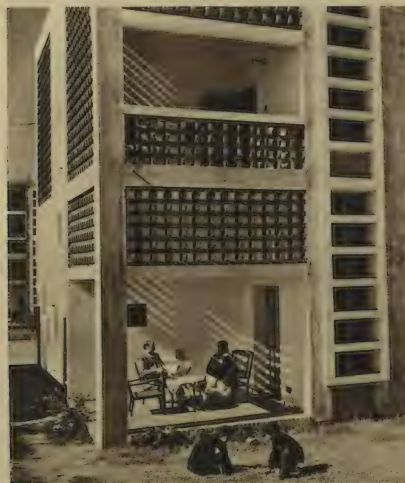
(Right)
ONE OF THE LARGER
HOUSES: JALLI
(TRELLIS IN BRICK
OR CONCRETE) AND
STONEWORK ARE
WIDELY USED
THROUGHOUT THE
CITY.



ONE OF THE CHANDIGARH HOUSING UNITS: THE PROTRUDING BRICKS ACT AS SUN-BREAKERS AND ENLIVEN THE APPEARANCE OF THE WALL.



A DECORATIVE LENGTH OF WALL: THE ARCHITECTS HAVE DELIBERATELY AVOIDED MONOTONY BY INTRODUCING AN OCCASIONAL "CRAZY QUAINNESS."



ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF JALLI WORK WHICH IS WIDELY USED IN BOTH HOUSES AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS. (RIGHT) A WINDOW WITH HORIZONTAL SUN-BREAKERS.



SEMI-DETACHED HOUSES: THE JALLI FACADE ENCLOSES THE VERANDAH AND A LANDING. ITS LIGHT COLOUR IS IN PLEASANT CONTRAST WITH THE BRICKWORK.

THE new capital of East Punjab, Chandigarh, is situated on the gently-sloping plain south of the Himalayas. The city, designed by leading French, British, American and Indian architects, is of the horizontal type and is laid out in sectors divided by parallel roads intersecting at right-angles. Crossing at the city centre are two large roads designed for fast traffic, allowing quick access to outlying parts. At the higher, northern end are the imposing State buildings, including the High Court and the nine-storey State Secretariat Building, both designed by Le Corbusier. To the west is the university and to the east the industrial area. Each residential area, isolated from the faster motor traffic, is a neighbourhood in itself, about $\frac{1}{2}$ by $\frac{1}{2}$ mile in area, housing a

STYLE AND DESIGNED BY LEADING FRENCH, CHANDIGARH, THE NEW CAPITAL OF EAST PUNJAB.



(Left)
AN ORIGINAL MODERN
DESIGN: THE SQUASH
COURT AT THE EN-
GINEERING COLLEGE.
A PLEASANT CON-
TRAST IS MADE BY
THE BRICK, STONE
AND PLASTER.

(Right)
A FASCINATING PLAY
OF LIGHT AND
SHADOW: FREQUENT
USE IS MADE OF
VARIOUS TYPES OF
JALLI IN FACADES,
VERANDAH AND IN-
TERIOR WALLS.



ONE OF THE RESIDENTIAL SECTORS: THE STREET IS CURVED TO DISCOURAGE FAST DRIVING AND NUMEROUS TREES ARE BEING PLANTED TO PROVIDE SHADE.



REDUCING THE SUN'S INTENSITY BUT ALLOWING FREE VENTILATION: JALLI WORK ON A HOSPITAL VERANDAH.



A REAR VIEW OF SOME DOUBLE-STOREY FLATS, WHICH WERE BUILT TO PROVIDE ACCOMMODATION FOR LOWER CATEGORY GOVERNMENT WORKERS.

maximum of 18,000 people, and has its own green belt, shops, school, etc. The various green belts are aligned to permit long vistas, with the mountains visible to the north, and numerous trees have been planted throughout the city. There are various grades of dwelling for different classes. The total population is 150,000, with provision made for considerable expansion, and the total area is about 15 square miles. The architectural style aims at sobriety and uniformity without monotony or drabness. There is nothing excessive or lavish, as this is considered undemocratic. Monotony is avoided by the use of jalli—a traditional Indian feature—which is the most prominent decorative motif of the city, the use of stone in contrast with the brick, and sun-breakers—protruding bricks or concrete fins—specially set to reduce glare while not eliminating the sun's warmth in winter.



YET ANOTHER USE FOR JALLI: RECREATION FOR SCHOOL-CHILDREN. THIS FACADE IS INSTALLED IN ONE OF THE CHANDIGARH SCHOOLS.

FOR some little time, up to about the end of June, it was known that the British Government was engaged in international negotiations about the future of Cyprus. During this period it made no statement about its views on the subject, but information from abroad left no doubt that a proposal for an increased measure of self-government was being discussed and that it would be coupled with a promise of self-determination for the island on certain terms. Any details of these which were put about were obviously pure speculation, but most could be forecast by those who had followed the question closely. One could be sure that they included the retention of Cyprus as a British base, together with safeguards for the Cypriot Turkish population.

This period was also marked by the stepping up of Turkish propaganda against self-determination for Cyprus on any terms—and it need hardly be added that, for Turkey as for others, self-determination meant the union of Cyprus with Greece. Then, in July, after preliminary rumours to the same effect, it was announced in the Press, clearly as the result of Foreign Office briefing of political correspondents, that the Government had changed its mind. The information conveyed to the correspondents also made it certain that the dropping of the plan had been

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. IS THERE TO BE DEADLOCK OVER CYPRUS?

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

called expansionist. The assertion that there are 100,000 or more Turks in Cyprus is a minor matter and is refuted by British statistics. Some vague talk of Greek persecution of minorities is belied by history, contrary to universally accepted evidence, and curious in view of a Turkish record in that respect which is deeply regretted by all the finest spirits in Turkey to-day.

Now for the risk of an unfriendly neighbour in Cyprus. Why should Turkey consider that Greece might become a danger; Greece, which is a partner not only in N.A.T.O. but in the Balkan Pact? Because, the answer runs, Greece might "go Left." Well, we all might. However, in the recent general election, fought at a time when the country felt itself aggrieved by another N.A.T.O. partner and its oldest friend, at least 85 per cent. of those who went to the poll voted against Communism. The Greek general election was unsatisfactory in some respects, but this was the basic fact in it. Taking into account the

might offer tanks and aircraft to stiffen her forces, and at the same time start a campaign of demands on Turkey similar to that carried out shortly after the Second World War. If the United States thereupon stopped economic aid to Greece the kindly uncle would have further opportunities opened to him. Is this improbable? Perhaps it is,

but more probable than that Greece in possession of Cyprus—with a British and N.A.T.O. base on the island—would be a menace to Turkey.

As I write, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has repeated an earlier thesis of the Prime Minister, that Cyprus is essential to us to protect interests, especially oil interests, which would not be protected by N.A.T.O. But the very fact that he has gone back to this rigid attitude after the Government had clearly been prepared to relax it last month, is proof that the veto of Turkey has played a major part in reversing the previous decision of the Government to give a "date-line" for self-determination. I do not believe it would have required exceptional courage to call Turkey's bluff in this instance. We often hear that the West needs Turkey. I do not say that this is not the case, but I am sure that Turkey needs the West as much, if not more. She banged on the N.A.T.O. door to get in. It is absurd to suppose that she would walk out.



THE VITAL PROBLEM OF CYPRUS: A MAP CLEARLY SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE ISLAND IN RELATION TO GREECE AND TURKEY.

In his article on this page Captain Falls discusses the many problems which complicate the issue of Cyprus's future. Prominent among these is the question of the island's strategic position. "The position of Cyprus," writes Captain Falls, "now classed as

an 'off-shore' island from Turkey's point of view, is said to be such that in unfriendly hands it would be a menace to Turkey and her communications." The reasons for this claim are clearly illustrated in this interesting map.

The map is reproduced by courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph."

due to Turkish opposition. Finally, we learnt that, after the restoration of law and order, the Government would propose wider self-government, without a date for self-determination.

It thus appears that we are back where we started, except that the Government's next proposed revision of the constitution must be more promising than its predecessors. Since the Turkish arguments, from the lips of Ministers and in the Press, have been set out more fully than before, I shall address myself to them. The first is strategic. The position of Cyprus, now classed as an "off-shore" island from Turkey's point of view, is said to be such that in unfriendly hands it would be a menace to Turkey and her communications. This is indeed the case. But the truism is worth restating only if there exists a genuine risk of *Enosis* putting Cyprus into unfriendly hands. Before examining this proposition, let us glance at the other arguments, which are less important.

Turkey alleges that Greece is in what is called an "expansionist" mood. Unless this statement refers to the attitude of Greece to the future of Cyprus itself, I can find no evidence to justify it. There is, in fact, another small claim, more or less dormant at present: It is to territory in Southern Albania, known in Greece as Northern Epirus. In no other sense can the mood of Greece fairly be

political background and the economic troubles of the country, it was remarkable that the Communist, or Crypto-Communist, vote expanded no farther.

Turkey would, however, be distressed if Greece were to become Communist without having become united with Cyprus. If, for example, Russian influence were to spread in the country the result would be, not indeed complete isolation of Turkey from her friends of the West, but an uncomfortable measure of it. Has it never occurred to Turkish statesmen that, presuming their anxiety about Greece "going Left" to be well founded, the policy most likely to bring about what they profess to fear would be to stand in the way of what Greece considers to be justified aspirations and to accompany this opposition by scarcely veiled threats of warlike action? I must confess that, on the hypothesis that Greece is in fact liable to become Red, these threats seem to me highly dangerous.

How might one expect the process to begin? I personally do not believe that Greece at present or in the near future stands in danger of Communism politically. Yet it is just conceivable that there might be a grave worsening of relations between the two countries, that Greece might feel herself in danger from her more powerful neighbour, that a kindly uncle standing to the eastward

Perhaps, however, this tenderness with regard to the veto of Turkey is due not so much to want of courage as to sentimentality, because that has always been a prominent factor in Anglo-Turkish relations in modern times. I can appreciate admiration for some Turkish qualities, and indeed share it. I feel, however, that we are now allowing ourselves to be led by it into political error as well as injustice. I doubt whether our present course of action will prove in the long run to be in the best interests of Turkey any more than in our own. I fear we have made a mistake and that we are likely to perpetuate it.

Perhaps I should apologise for my last word as purely personal. I am the most convinced of Tories. I was reared in the creed and have always been faithful to it. I am sorry to find myself out of step and still sorrier to find hardly a single Tory who discusses this business publicly from the same point of view as myself. Yet I have discovered, often in unsuspected quarters, that there is private Tory opinion on my side. I only wish that it were more vocal, because I am convinced that it would be well if it were heard.

N.B.—The views expressed in "A Window on the World" are those held personally by Captain Cyril Falls, and do not necessarily represent those held by the Editor.

A PROJECT WHICH KITCHENER INITIATED: THE NEW UNIVERSITY OF KHARTOUM.



NOW TO BE A COLLEGE OF THE NEW UNIVERSITY OF KHARTOUM: THE KITCHENER SCHOOL OF MEDICINE, WHICH HAS PRODUCED 160 SUDANESE DOCTORS SINCE ITS FOUNDATION IN 1924. (Photograph by H. R. Watson-Baker.)



TO BE THE NUCLEUS OF THE NEW UNIVERSITY: GORDON MEMORIAL COLLEGE, FOUNDED IN 1899 ON THE BLUE NILE ABOUT 1½ MILES FROM KHARTOUM'S CENTRE. IT BECAME A UNIVERSITY COLLEGE IN 1945. (Photograph by H. R. Watson-Baker.)



A STUDENT HOSTEL IN THE NEW UNIVERSITY, ONE OF A NUMBER OF BUILDINGS ADAPTING UNIVERSITY TRADITIONS TO TROPICAL CONDITIONS IN AN UNUSUAL MANNER. (Photograph, National Guidance Office, Sudan Government.)



A CORRIDOR IN ONE OF THE STUDENT HOSTELS: THESE BUILDINGS WERE DESIGNED BY THE LATE W. G. NEWTON AND R. E. ENTHOVEN. (Photograph, National Guidance Office, Sudan Government.)



THE NEWBOLD LIBRARY OF KHARTOUM UNIVERSITY: FURNISHED IN SUDAN MAHOGANY AND CONTAINING SOME 51,000 VOLUMES, 15,000 OF THEM BEING ACQUIRED IN THE LAST THREE YEARS. (Photograph, National Guidance Office, Sudan Government.)

At the beginning of this month the Supreme Council of the Sudan Government gave its assent to the Bill proposing to give full University status to the University College of Khartoum; and the new University comes into being on July 24 of this year. The new University's history really goes back to 1898 when, shortly after the Battle of Omdurman, Lord Kitchener launched an appeal in England for funds for a Sudanese educational centre. As a result, Lord Cromer in 1899 laid the foundation-stone of the Gordon Memorial College, just outside Khartoum on the banks of the Blue Nile. This was inaugurated in 1903 and from 1924 onwards concentrated on secondary teaching. In 1945 it was strengthened with Schools of Agriculture, Arts, Engineering,



STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY IN CLASS. FOR THE NEXT ACADEMIC YEAR THE STUDENT BODY IS EXPECTED TO EXCEED 870. THE USUAL LANGUAGE OF INSTRUCTION IS ENGLISH. (Photograph, National Guidance Office, Sudan Government.)

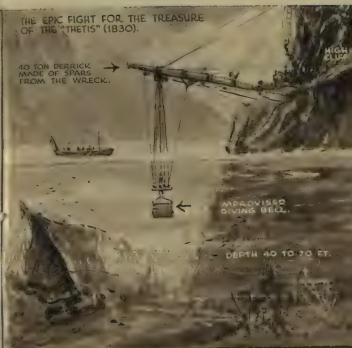
Public Administration, Science and Veterinary Science, and became a University College in special relationship with London University, for whose degrees it prepared its students. It has a teaching staff of about 120, of whom three-quarters are British. The language of instruction is English, except for the subjects of Arabic and Islamic Law. The Kitchener School of Medicine was founded in 1924 and amalgamated with the University College in 1951. It now becomes the Medical Faculty of the new University and will grant the degree of M.B. of Khartoum. The Principal of the University College and the Vice-Chancellor Designate of the new University is Professor Michael Grant, Professor of Humanity at Edinburgh since 1948.



PIONEER HUNTERS OF THE TREASURES WHICH LIE ON THE SEA BED IN SUNKEN SHIPS WERE THE PHIPPS BROTHERS WHO, IN THE 17TH CENTURY, SUCCEEDED IN LOCATING A SPANISH TREASURE SHIP IN THE BAHAMAS AND SALVAGED TREASURE WORTH £1,400,000.



THE BRITISH SHIP *LUTINE*, WHOSE BELL NOW HANGS IN LLOYD'S, LONDON, SANK OFF HOLLAND IN 1799; MOST OF THE TREASURE WAS SALVED, WITH DIFFICULTY—THE OPERATION LASTING 100 YEARS.



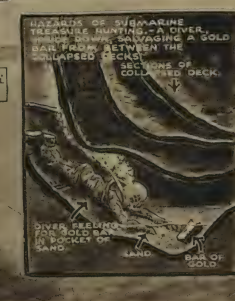
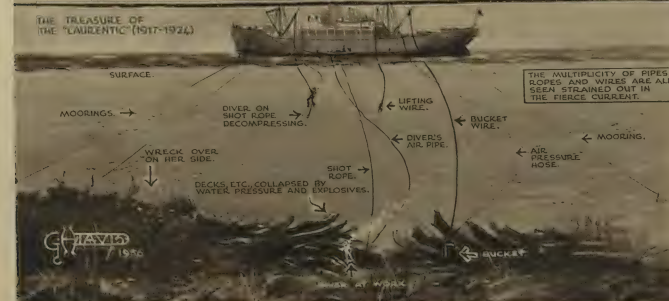
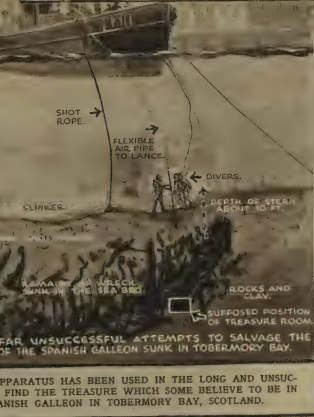
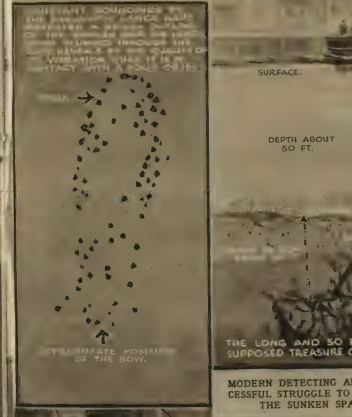
THE COURAGEOUS AND INGENUOUS CAPTAIN DICKINSON SALVED MUCH VALUABLE BULLION AND SPECIE FROM THE WRECK OF THE *THETIS*, WHICH SANK OFF CAPE FRIO, BRAZIL, IN 1830.



GOLD TO THE VALUE OF £90,000 WAS RECOVERED FROM THE WRECK OF THE *ALFONSO XII*. TWO DECKS HAD TO BE BLASTED BEFORE DIVERS COULD REACH THE TREASURE. THE SHIP, WHICH SANK OFF POINT GANDU, GRAND CANARY, IN 1885, LAY AT A CONSIDERABLE DEPTH.



THE MAIL STEAMER *NIAGARA* WAS SUNK BY AN ENEMY MINE IN 1940, SOME 30 MILES OFF NEW ZEALAND, WITH GOLD WORTH £2,500,000 ON BOARD. SALVAGE STARTED IN 1941. FINALLY, ALL BUT £135,000 WORTH WAS RECOVERED.



TREASURE FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA: THE ROMANCE OF DEEP-SEA SALVAGE THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO AND TO-DAY; AND SOME NEW METHODS OF EXPLORING THE DEEP.

In the colour supplement in our issue of April 21 this year were illustrated some of the gold treasures and ornaments which were recovered last summer from the sunken Spanish treasure ship off Bermuda, and a full illustrated account of these salvage operations appeared in our issue of January 21. Recently the newspapers have reported that several new expeditions, to recover valuable cargoes which lie on the sea bed, are under consideration. On these

pages our artist has assembled some of the details of well-known attempts at salvaging sunken treasure which have been made in the past. In many, the operations have ended in success, and in a few, frustration and failure have been the unfortunate result. With the constant advance of science and technology it can be expected that more and more of the secrets of the depths will be revealed; secrets which have hitherto been inaccessible for lack of the

Drawn by our Special Artist G. H. Davis, S.M.A., with the assistance of

new types of equipment which are now becoming available. One of the barriers to be overcome by divers searching for treasure is that of water pressure, and salvage operations have already been carried out in pressures of over 200 lb. to the square inch. Equipment has markedly improved since before the war, and a British Navy diver in 1948, using Siebe Gorman and Co.'s latest type suit with injector device and CO₂ absorbent chamber, and supplied

by Sir Robert Davis and his book "Deep Diving," and other sources.

with a breathing mixture of helium and oxygen, reached the then record depth of just over 540 ft. In addition to this, armoured suits and observation chambers are being made which are suitable for greater depths. Another new technique, which has been used for probing in the mud at the bottom of Tobermory Bay, is the blast of high-pressure air, illustrated above, which assists in the detection of solid objects below the sea bed.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



CHICORY—or to give it its scientific Latin name, *Cichorium intybus*—is a hardy herbaceous perennial, native of Europe, including Britain.

Apart from its several outstanding gastronomic uses, it is, I think, one of the most beautiful of all our British wild flowers. The variety of chicory grown as a winter salad, and for use as a cooked vegetable, is a cultivated development of the wild plant, known as Witloef.

In France the forced salad is called *Barbe de capucin*. Here in the shops it just goes by the name chicory, and it is astonishing how relatively few folk in this country know chicory and realise what a delicious salad and vegetable it is. They see the neatly-packed boxes of creamy-white cones in the greengrocers' shops and are content to remain completely ignorant as to what they are called, and what they are used for.

Time after time I have heard quite nice and otherwise intelligent people enquire—but only when their attention was drawn to Witloefs—"But what are they, and what does one do with them?"

Yet judging by the plentiful supplies that appear in the greengrocers' shops between about November and May, there must be a good many people who appreciate the virtues of chicory, and so buy the stuff; and without doubt the taste for it is a growing one in this country. As a winter salad it is fresh, crisp, and slightly bitter. With beetroot it is excellent, or changes may be rung with celery or thin slices of raw apple. Another way with fresh, raw chicory is to eat it as one eats fresh celery—and on the same occasions, especially with the cheese course. A spoonful of mayonnaise sauce, freshly made—not, please, freshly uncorked—in which to dip the end of each chicory leaf before scrunching it off is an excellent plan.

In addition to making a delicious and invaluable foundation for winter salads, chicory provides a wonderful, cooked vegetable. In flavour it is very like seakale, a resemblance which is greatly helped by its slight bitterness. The fat, creamy-white cones may be braised or plain boiled whole, and served with a white sauce. Often when that sauce is being prepared I am to be found and accused of loitering, waiting for an opportunity to slip in a secret lot of cream or an extravagant lump of butter.

I have not the slightest doubt that the cook-books give clever and elaborate recipes for cooking chicory, though I have never met the results of such methods in real life. I can bear it. In my experience the simple, homely ways with vegetables—provided, of course, that they are, at the same time, intelligent—give far more subtle and delicious results than over-elaborate methods with a multiplicity of extraneous flavourings. In saying this I am reminded of *petit pois* done in the French way. Tiny peas, too young to have acquired real texture and flavour of their own, done in stock with a whiff of onion. An excellent dish. But in the long run give me large, green, marrowfat peas, gathered at exactly the right age, to give full flavour without a suspicion of mealiness and with no tendency to bounce or roll, boiled with a sprig of mint and served with butter. Yes, butter.

On various occasions in the past I have produced home-grown chicory—or rather, my gardener has. It is a very simple crop to grow. The

CHICORY.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

best roots are produced on ground which has been well manured for some previous crop. The seeds are sown in drills a foot or so apart in early May, and later the seedlings are thinned to 9 ins. or a foot apart. By autumn, thick, fleshy roots, rather like parsnips, will have been produced. By November these roots are lifted, the leaves trimmed back, and the tapered ends shortened to a length of 10 or 12 ins. The roots should then be stored in sand in a cool,

frost-free place in the open, or in some shed, ready to be forced in succession. For forcing, the roots are planted a few inches apart in a box, or in big pots, with the crowns just above soil-level. They must be kept in complete darkness in a temperature between 45 and 55 or 60 degs. F. Thus the white-blached cones of leaf will be pushed up, and may be cut for use when some 6 or 9 ins. high.

Absolute darkness is important during this

them all every time. At the same time, forced chicory is not too ruinously expensive to buy, and I have found the bought article—unlike green peas and scarlet runners, for instance—just as good as home-grown.

Chicory in coffee is one of those things about which opinions are very divided. Personally, I think that the finest pure coffee, well and carefully brewed by an expert, stands alone, head and shoulders above any coffee-chicory blend, and the best coffee I have ever enjoyed has invariably been in this country. But how rare it is. In America, some twenty years ago, I found the average of good coffee far higher than in England, whilst the tea was, with very rare exceptions, deplorable. The chicory used for "blending" with coffee, or, as some would say, for adulterating it, is produced by slicing, kiln-drying, roasting and grinding the tap-root of the plant. It is produced chiefly on the Continent, but some years ago I passed a considerable acreage under a crop of chicory—in Huntingdonshire, I think it was—with a notice saying that it was being grown by a certain famous firm of caterers. So evidently they were not ashamed to advertise the fact that they used chicory in some of their blends of coffee. Coffee blended with chicory may not be equal to the best pure coffee, but it can be a very pleasant beverage, and is often very much pleasanter than badly-made pure coffee.

A couple of years ago I decided to grow some chicory in my garden, not this time as a salad but for the sake of its tall spires of clear sky-blue flowers. The simplest way would have been to sow seeds of the garden salad variety, but I was afraid that this might prove too lush and leafy at the expense of flowers, and so decided to get seeds of the native wild type. By great good luck I discovered a small colony of this growing within a yard or two of a main road half a mile from my house. Seeds were collected and sown, and last autumn a number of seedlings were planted, some in a plot of rough grass, where I have naturalised *Aquilegia* "Hensol Harebell," *Snakeshead* *Fritillaries*, *Meadow Cranesbill*, *Cowslips*, *Rocket*, and a few other plants. I also planted a few in a group in a mixed flower border. Those growing in the grass have thrown up

stems from 3 to 4 ft. tall, and very shortly they will be in flower, their erect, wiry stems strung with flowers like rather ragged cornflowers of an exceptionally lovely clear sky-blue. Those in the mixed border had a raw deal this spring when they first started into growth. The local slug population seemed to imagine that I had provided salad plants for their special benefit, and gnawed the plants to the very quick. Fortunately I discovered the crime in good time, and before long the chicory plants, thanks to a sprinkling of bran-metax mixture, were enjoying a rich mulch of slug corpses. Never have I seen chicory grow with such vigour. The stems are over 6 ft. tall. But I doubt if their flowering will be as profuse as that of the ones growing in the grass. In any case, I think the wilder grass surround will prove the more appropriate and attractive setting for these wild natives.



"ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL OUR BRITISH WILD FLOWERS": WILD CHICORY IN FLOWER, "LIKE RATHER RAGGED CORN-FLOWERS OF AN EXCEPTIONALLY LOVELY CLEAR SKY-BLUE."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

forcing, otherwise the leaves will become tinged with green and too bitter. Fuller details can be found in almost any good book on the cultivation of vegetables. It is in no way a difficult business, and I have found it extremely satisfactory and rewarding, though I confess that it is one of those crops which I am sometimes tempted to neglect simply because there are so many other useful and excellent things to grow, and one can not grow



ONE OF THE BEST OF ALL WINTER SALADS—AND AN EXCELLENT COOKED VEGETABLE AS WELL: CHICORY, A GROUP OF HEADS DISPLAYED FOR EXHIBITION.

Photograph by "Amateur Gardening."

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THE FIRST ELIZABETH: "REGINA TRIUMPHALIS."

The frontispiece to Saxton's Atlas of England and Wales, 1579.
Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.

THE WAR AT SEA IN 1588: CONTEMPORARY DIAGRAMS OF THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA, FROM A VERY RARE SET OF CHARTS PUBLISHED IN 1590.

"A DISCOURSE concerning the Spanishe fleet" is a contemporary account of the defeat of the Spanish Armada and published with it was a collection of coloured charts, measuring some 15 by 20 ins. The illustrations on this page are a selection of these, showing various phases of the engagement, which lasted for over a week. The discourse and the charts, published two years after the event, are a sort of Elizabethan counterpart of the newspaper diagrams and accounts of modern battles. Both the discourse and the charts have now become valuable because of their rarity, and our illustrations are reproduced from the copy now in the National Maritime Museum. The text was written by an Italian, one Petruccio Ubaldino, and was translated for the London publisher A. Ryther. The details of this great sea battle make interesting reading. One wonders how much the Elizabethan world appreciated the significance

(Continued below, centre.)





THE SECOND ELIZABETH: THE QUEEN IN GARTER ROBES.

From a colour photograph by Cecil Beaton.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

REMBRANDT AS ETCHER.

By FRANK DAVIS.

street or other and without any means of comparison, though, of course, the paper should show you at once that this is eighteenth-century and not seventeenth.

My own preference in all Rembrandt's etchings—though I would hate to appear to impose that on anyone else—is for those comparatively few plates which are concerned with landscape and in which a beautifully nervous line is allowed to speak with simple eloquence without the use of deep shadow; a thing like the "Landscape

by any scrap of paper upon which Rembrandt has worked, one is liable to go off at a tangent into all kinds of speculations.

Let me return to things as they were, to the quiet by-ways of Holland and its rather matter-of-fact society from which sprang so much to touch the heart; these delicate and yet monumental landscapes (there are several of them), the portraits and such etchings as the other two on this page in which gradations of light and subtle cross-hatchings disappear into mysterious silky depths; the woman sitting by the stove (Fig. 2) whom to-day's fashionable academician would almost certainly reject as a model—exactly the sort of Rembrandt which roused Ruskin to scornful abuse—a plain, homely Martha of a girl; and the dramatic evocation of the Faust legend—"Faust in His Study" (Fig. 3)—a subject which, in the mid-seventeenth century, probably meant more to Rembrandt's contemporaries than it does to us, but which we can in any case appreciate for both its structure and its gradations of tone.

Among the portraits are that of his mother seated at a table—early in his career this, 1631—and the other of the same year—the bearded man in a furred Oriental cap and robe, thought to be that of his father, the miller. (How he enjoyed dressing up both himself and his models!) Then there is the large plate of his friend, the writing-master, Lieven van Coppenol, quill in hand, an impression which, on the margin beneath, carries an inscription in Coppenol's own handwriting. Few men painted themselves more frequently; it is therefore reasonable to have two etchings of himself, one of 1634, in which he is wearing a plumed cap, and another of 1639, in which he is leaning on a stone sill. There is also

the double portrait of himself and his wife Saskia of 1636, and the very sensitive etching of 1651 of the print-seller, Clement de Jonghe, an impression which once belonged to Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Among the landscapes, I imagine that few visitors will be able to decide whether they would rather live with one of the "Cottage and a Haybarn" of 1641 or the Cottage and a large tree of the same year. Then there are the three lion-hunts, the small one thought to be as early as 1629 and the two others, large and small, of 1641, which to most of us mark so great an advance in freedom of handling, each a superb study of violent movement. Not least among them all I would place the "St. Jerome Beside a Pollard Willow" of 1648 which, I would guess, began as a finely-observed study of a willow trunk over a



FIG. 1. "LANDSCAPE WITH A SPORTSMAN, 1653 (?)": ONE OF THE SEVENTY REMBRANDT ETCHINGS IN THE CURRENT EXHIBITION AT MESSRS. COLNAGHI'S, 14, OLD BOND STREET. THIS MOST INTERESTING EXHIBITION IS DISCUSSED BY FRANK DAVIS IN HIS ARTICLE THIS WEEK. (5 by 6½ ins.)



FIG. 2. AN ETCHING "IN WHICH GRADATIONS OF LIGHT AND SUBTLE CROSS-HATCHINGS DISAPPEAR INTO MYSTERIOUS SILKY DEPTHS": "WOMAN SITTING HALF-DRESSED BESIDE A STOVE, 1658." (9 by 7½ ins.)



FIG. 3. "FAUST IN HIS STUDY, 1652 (?)": ALSO TO BE SEEN AT THIS INTERESTING EXHIBITION AT COLNAGHI'S. THE 350TH ANNIVERSARY OF REMBRANDT'S BIRTH FELL ON JULY 15. (8½ by 6½ ins.)

ETCHING, we are sometimes told—that is, the biting of a copper plate with acid and then taking a series of impressions from it—is nearly a lost art. To my mind that is not true, but it is an understandable if despairing statement as one comes away from seeing a few etchings by Rembrandt. There are seventy to be seen now at Colnaghi's, the earliest of 1629, the latest of 1659. Many are doubtless familiar to multitudes of people—some few, less imposing perhaps but no less interesting, will be known only to those who have made a close study of the subject. Chance—a fortunate chance, in my opinion—so arranged things that I came to this exhibition from the Arts Council show at St. James's Square, where a no less able master of line, Picasso, is to be seen in his etchings and lithographs of the past fifty years. At the risk of irritating the *cognoscenti* and of labelling myself irredeemably obtuse, I felt I had left the noisy cacophony of jazz for a Beethoven symphony, the ravings of a lost soul for the eternal verities; the one a mercurial genius at one moment profoundly moving, at another abysmally silly, the other calm and steadfast with an unshakable faith in the essential rationality of man. As man has proved notably irrational in our time no less than in Rembrandt's, you can argue that Picasso is the greater artist, reflecting the horrors of the world as it is by symbol and allegory with far greater imagination, but that would lead us far afield. I believe Rembrandt would have admired and would also have been puzzled and horrified by Picasso—let us leave it at that. The finest work of each of them is sure of immortality.

Etchings, if you want to appreciate them intelligently, have to be looked at closely, so vital and eloquent are apparently minor strokes of the needle. Most revealing, I suggest, is a comparison between a fine example of "Christ Healing the Sick"—known the world over as "The Hundred-Guilder Print," because that was the fabulous price paid for it at the time—hung above the version made from the original plate by the eighteenth-century amateur lover of Rembrandt, Captain Baillie, in 1775. The plate, by that time, more than a century after it was made, was badly worn. Baillie reworked it and afterwards destroyed it. Unfortunately, photographic reproductions cannot show the difference; it must suffice here to note that to see the two together is a notable experience, for the Baillie version, though highly skilful, has lost the mystery and subtlety and depth of the original. When you look at them side by side you are surprised to discover how Baillie's slight reworking of the original has changed its character; at the same time, so close is his version to Rembrandt's, that you can easily imagine yourself agreeably excited if you happened to come across it by itself in some side

with a Sportsman" of about 1653 (Fig. 1), in which the mountain mass in the background is built up with a few sure, delicate strokes. This is the kind of divine simplicity which Cézanne aimed at on a much larger scale and in another medium, and did not always achieve. Now I come to think of it, perhaps one of the world's great pictures was never painted because Rembrandt never had the opportunity of staying in Provence and making a series of drawings of the Mont St. Victoire upon which to base a painting in oils. Would the bright, hard sunlight of the south have clarified his palette? But confronted

pond, and was then made into a balanced picture by the addition of the brilliant little sketch of the old, bespectacled saint on one side and of the head of his lion looking round the tree-trunk. What, I ask myself, do young people who have grown up at a time when slapdash notions of drawing seem to be taken for granted make of all this meticulous yet vital work? If I can judge by the intent faces of those who were there at the same time as myself, Rembrandt is as alive to-day as he was 300 and more years ago; men of this calibre are more fortunate even than old soldiers—they don't even fade away.

WYNDHAM LEWIS—VORTICISM AND AFTER: AN IMPORTANT EXHIBITION AT THE TATE GALLERY.



(Left.)
"EDITH SITWELL, 1923-35," BY WYNDHAM LEWIS: ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING PAINTINGS IN THE TATE GALLERY EXHIBITION, "WYNDHAM LEWIS AND VORTICISM."
(Canvas; 34 by 44 ins.) (The Tate Gallery.)



(Right.)
"THE SURRENDER OF BARCELONA, 1936," OF WHICH THE ARTIST WROTE, "I SET OUT TO PAINT A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY SCENE AS I SHOULD DO IT COULD I BE TRANSPORTED THERE."
(Canvas; 33 by 23½ ins.) (The Tate Gallery.)



"T. S. ELIOT, 1938": WHEN THIS STRIKING PORTRAIT WAS REJECTED BY THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1938 AUGUSTUS JOHN RESIGNED FOR TWO YEARS IN PROTEST. (Canvas; 52 by 33½ ins.) (Durban Municipal Art Gallery, South Africa.)



"FROANNA—PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE, 1937": AFTER MANY YEARS OF EXPERIMENTING WYNDHAM LEWIS FOUND THE PAINTING OF PORTRAITS TO BE HIS MOST SATISFACTORY WORK. (Canvas; 30 by 25 ins.) (Glasgow Art Gallery.)



"FATHER MURPHY, 1944": ONE OF THE WORKS IN THE LARGE SELECTION OF LEWIS'S DRAWINGS INCLUDED IN THIS EXHIBITION. (Pastel; 19½ by 12½ ins.) (The Artist's Collection.)



"EZRA POUND, 1938": EZRA POUND, THE AMERICAN POET, PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE VORTICIST MOVEMENT AND WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR DEIVING ITS NAME. THIS EXHIBITION AT THE TATE GALLERY CONTINUES UNTIL AUGUST 19.
(Canvas; 30 by 40 ins.) (The Tate Gallery)

"WYNDHAM LEWIS AND VORTICISM," the current exhibition at the Tate Gallery, succeeds in putting the work of Wyndham Lewis, which was tragically cut short by the artist's blindness in 1951, in its true perspective. Born in 1884, Wyndham Lewis completed his studies at the Slade School in 1901, and developed as an abstract artist. In the years just before the First World War, Lewis, already a leading spirit among the more advanced artists of his day, became the leader of a group and movement which was dubbed "Vorticist" by Ezra Pound. Soon after the end of the war Lewis abandoned the "abstract road," and began to paint his series of outstanding portraits, after a period of careful study of the human figure. This interesting exhibition arranged by the Tate Gallery is devoted very largely to Wyndham Lewis's post-Vorticist work. However, by including a selection of work by other Vorticist artists, such as William Roberts, Edward Wadsworth and Gaudier-Brzeska, as well as some of his own work of this period, it does much to show the full significance of the work of Wyndham Lewis.



"PORTRAIT OF MRS. SCHIFF, c. 1922": ONE OF THE EARLIEST PORTRAITS IN THE EXHIBITION. (Canvas; 50 by 40 ins.) (E. Beddington Behrens, Esq.)

NEW TREASURES OF TEHERAN MUSEUM: ACHÆMENIAN GOLD AND LATER SILVER.



(Left.) RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE TEHERAN MUSEUM: A GOLD-AND-SILVER WINE-BOWL (FROM TWO ASPECTS) BEARING THE INSCRIPTION "HORMIZD, SON OF ZARYASB, LORD OF A THOUSAND SPEARS" AND DEDICATED TO ANAHIT, THE PERSIAN GODDESS OF THE WATERS AND FERTILITY. C. A.D. 585.



(Right.) A SUPERB PIECE OF ACHÆMENIAN GOLD, OF THE SIXTH-FIFTH CENTURY B.C.: A GOLD RHYTON IN THE FORM OF A WINGED LION. THIS IS SIMILAR TO, BUT MORE SUMPTUOUS THAN, THE FAMOUS RHYTON OF THE SAME PERIOD IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK. (9 1/8 ins. high.)



ANOTHER GOLD-AND-SILVER WINE-BOWL OF THE SASSANIAN PERIOD (LATE SIXTH CENTURY A.D.), ALMOST A PAIR TO THE EXAMPLE SHOWN ABOVE AND OF THE SAME DIMENSIONS —A DIAMETER OF ABOUT 9 INS.



NOW IN THE TEHERAN MUSEUM AND PROBABLY FROM HAMADAN: A CEREMONIAL GOLD DAGGER, ABOUT 16 1/2 INS. LONG, DECORATED WITH SNARLING LIONS' HEADS AND, ON THE HILT, IBEX HEADS.



BEARING THE INSCRIPTION IN BABYLONIAN, OLD PERSIAN AND ELAMITE: "XERXES THE GREAT KING": A GOLDEN WINE-BOWL OF THE ACHÆMENIAN PERIOD, BASED ON THE SHAPE OF A HALF-OPEN LOTUS BLOSSOM. (Diameter about 8 1/2 ins.)



A SOLID GOLD ACHÆMENIAN ARMLET, REPUTEDLY FROM THE TREASURY OF XERXES, HAMADAN, WITH A MULTIPLE LION ORNAMENT. LIKE THE OTHER FINE PIECES SHOWN ON THIS PAGE, THIS WAS RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE TEHERAN MUSEUM.

WE reproduce on this page a number of recent acquisitions of the Archaeological Museum, Teheran: items not only of the greatest interest but also of the highest beauty. The rhyton, the lotus-bowl, the dagger and the armlet are all of solid gold and are all Achæmenian work of the sixth-fifth centuries B.C. The other two bowls are about a thousand years later; and bear the name of a Sassanian king, Hormizd, who is believed to be Hormizd IV, who reigned in A.D. 579-590. These rare bowls are of silver with gold inlaid, divided into quadrants marking the quarters of the universe and the four seasons, with musicians in vine arbours playing clappers, lute, pipe and an instrument allied to the bagpipes. The four pieces of Achæmenian gold are all very similar to parallel pieces in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which were illustrated in our issue of April 16, 1955, although the Teheran examples are in each case somewhat more sumptuous than the American examples. The provenance of these Teheran articles is not exactly known, but they are believed to have come from Hamadan, ancient Ecbatana. Ecbatana was the site of the Royal treasury of Xerxes and the summer capital of the Achæmenian kings; and it was to Ecbatana that Alexander transferred the treasure which he had seized at Persepolis. But the rich treasures of Ecbatana lie below the modern city of Hamadan and it is clear that only accidental finds can now come to light there.



A MENACE TO UNWARY
FISHES: LURKING WITH
CHARGED "BATTERIES"
THE STARGAZER WAITS
FOR ITS PREY.

THE Stargazer is one of the fishes capable of giving an electric shock, and it is obvious from our photographs how he got his name. His daily round consists in lurking on or in the sand of the sea-bed, where he would be well camouflaged, waiting with his lethal electrical charge to catch passing prey. He emits his shock from the flat area behind the eyes. He may be described as a prowler rather than a fast swimmer, and his fins can be used to help him burrow down into the sand and stir up a cloud of muddy water when he is escaping from an attacker. The fish grows to about 10 ins. in length and mostly inhabits warm, salty waters, and migrates to places like Chesapeake Bay,

[Continued below, left.]

A SIGHT WHICH MUST HAVE BEEN THE LAST FOR MANY A SMALL FISH: THE STARGAZER, A TEN TO TWELVE INCH LONG FISH CAPABLE OF GIVING ELECTRIC SHOCKS, WHICH LURKS ON THE SEA-BED.



NORMALLY THE STARGAZER LIES BURIED IN THE MUD, WITH ONLY EYES, MOUTH, ELECTRIC PLATES AND A FIN VISIBLE, ALL THESE BEING CONVENIENTLY SET ON THE TOP SIDE OF THE FISH, AS SHOWN HERE.

[Continued.]

Maryland, during the summer. The nostrils, like eyebrows above the eye, and between eye and lip, are fringed like the mouth. The fringes act as a sand filter. The young Stargazer develops the "electroplaxes," the electrically-charged areas, behind the eyes which, when he is about an inch long, move upwards at the same time that the mouth also moves, to give the fish its adult appearance. But for all his weird appearance, the Stargazer is not a very useful individual; he is apparently not attractive gastronomically speaking, but can be used by scientists investigating muscular-neural processes. The Stargazer's shock, though unpleasant, is a mere tickle compared with that of certain electric fishes which can knock a man off his feet. Electrical fishes have long been treated with respect, and it is interesting to note that there are a number of classical references to their healing properties for cases of chronic headache and the gout.

Photographs by courtesy of "Natural History."



THE POINTS WHERE THE ELECTRIC SHOCK IS EMITTED ARE THE TWO AREAS, LIKE THE MAKE-UP OF A CLOWN, WHICH LIE BEHIND THE EYES. THIS SPECIMEN WAS FOUND IN MARYLAND WATERS.



LIKE A CHINESE JADE OR AN ANCIENT MEXICAN CARVING : THE ELECTRIC STARGAZER.

Writing in the scientific magazine "Natural History," Alice Jane O'Brien tells how she first came upon a Stargazer (*Astroscopus guttatus*) in Chesapeake Bay. She and a companion were spending an evening afloat in a skiff in the shallows of the bay, and seeing an unusual fish she decided to catch it with her net. Her companion dismissed it as a common fish, to be seen at any time. When Miss O'Brien touched the fish she received a violent electric

shock, which caused her to throw the fish to the bottom of the boat. Her scornful companion picked it up and, receiving a shock, now regarded the fish with new respect. After referring to various ichthyological authorities, Miss O'Brien, then an enthusiastic amateur, identified the fish. The Stargazer, although little known, has relations in many parts of the world, including the Mediterranean, Japan, New Zealand and the East Indies.

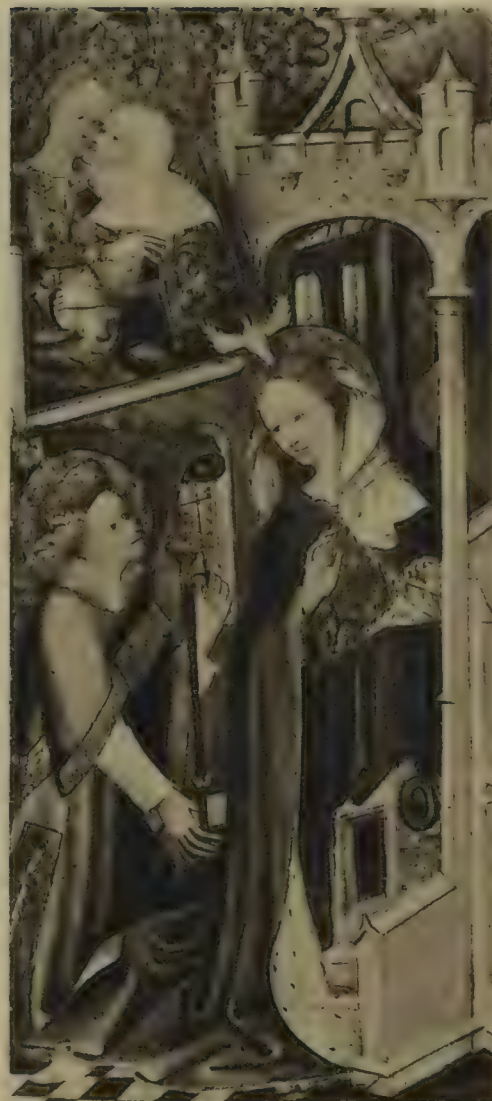
MEDIAEVAL PAINTINGS FROM NORWICH RESTORED: NOW EXHIBITED AT THE V. AND A.



"ST. MARGARET," c. 1420: ONE OF FIVE SURVIVING PANELS FROM THE SCREEN AT THE CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL AT PLEA, NORWICH. (Panel; 39½ by 17½ ins.)



A DETAIL FROM "THE ANNUNCIATION" (REPRODUCED ON THE RIGHT), WHICH IS THE FINEST PANEL OF THE SCREEN, AND SHOWS THE INFLUENCES OF CONTEMPORARY MANUSCRIPTS.



"THE ANNUNCIATION," c. 1420. THESE RESTORED PANELS ARE TO BE EXHIBITED AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM UNTIL OCTOBER 28. (Panel; 39½ by 17½ ins.)



FROM THE PARCLOUSE OF THE SCREEN, c. 1420: "ST. ERASMUS." ERASMUS (OR ELMO) WAS FORMERLY THE PATRON SAINT OF SAILORS. (Panel; 45½ by 17½ ins. Cut at the top.)



"THE RESURRECTION," c. 1435-45: PROBABLY PART OF A SEPARATE ALTAR-PIECE AND SHOWING STRONG CONTINENTAL INFLUENCES. (Panel; 56½ by 20½ ins.)



"SAINTED BISHOP": THE COMPANION-PIECE TO THE "ST. ERASMUS" PANEL FROM THE PARCLOUSE OF THE SCREEN. (Panel; 45½ by 17½ ins. Cut at the top.)

THE eight mediaeval panel paintings belonging to the Church of St. Michael at Plea, Norwich, are on exhibition in the Sculpture Gallery (Alabaster section) at the Victoria and Albert Museum until October 28. These important panels have recently been cleaned and restored by Mr. John Brealey, working in close collaboration with the Technical Department of the Courtauld Institute. This task has been made possible by the generous support of The Pilgrim Trust. Fortunately it was decided to exhibit the restored panels at the Victoria and Albert Museum, before their return to Norwich. All eight panels are illustrated on this and the facing page. All of them were in a very bad condition and heavily covered in nineteenth-century coach varnish. The varnish was removed and the paint blisters were laid down, the cavities being filled with new gesso. The panels were then restored, great care being taken not to cover any areas where the original paint survived. The whole of this delicate process may be studied in the three photographs of "The Crucifixion," from the screen, which are reproduced here. The paintings fall into three groups. The earliest, dating from about

[Continued opposite, centre.]

AN ENGLISH MEDIÆVAL TREASURE RESTORED: PAINTINGS FROM NORWICH.



BEFORE CLEANING: "THE CRUCIFIXION," c. 1420, FROM THE SCREEN GROUP AT ST. MICHAEL AT PLEA, NORWICH. (Panel; 37½ by 17½ ins. Cut at the top.)



AFTER CLEANING BUT BEFORE RESTORATION: "THE CRUCIFIXION" WITH THE 19th-CENTURY COACH VARNISH REMOVED AND THE PAINT BLISTERS LAID DOWN.



AFTER RESTORATION: "THE CRUCIFIXION" AS IT IS NOW TO BE SEEN AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, UNTIL OCTOBER 28.



"THE CRUCIFIXION," c. 1382-90: FROM THE RETABLE OF ST. MICHAEL AT PLEA, AND OF THE SAME PERIOD AS THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY PORTRAIT OF RICHARD II. (Panel; 26½ by 18½ ins. Cut at the bottom.)

Continued.

1382-90, are the two surviving panels from the retable: "The Crucifixion" and "The Betrayal." Though severely cut at their lower edges, these panels, with their fine gilded relief background, must claim an important place among the surviving examples of late mediæval English painting. The second group consists of the five panels of the screen. Now dated c. 1420, these provide interesting comparative material with other examples of English screen painting of this period. In her valuable introduction to the catalogue, Mrs. Tudor-Craig, who has taken the opportunity of their restoration to make a close study of these panels, has published the results of her research, which throws much new light on English painting of this period. The final, and latest, panel is "The Resurrection," which probably dates from about 1435-45, and is thought to have formed part of a separate altar-piece. It shows strong German influences. The whole group provides further valuable insight into the artistic activities in 14th- and 15th-century Norwich.



THE OTHER SURVIVING PANEL FROM THE RETABLE: "THE BETRAYAL," WITH CHRIST RESTORING MALCHUS'S EAR. THIS RETABLE MAY BE COMPARED WITH THAT IN NORWICH CATHEDRAL. (Panel; 26½ by 18½ ins. Cut at the bottom.)



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A READER has asked me to comment upon the article on anting in a recent number of the *National Geographic Magazine*. This I do willingly, if with some diffidence, for the author of that article, Hance Roy Ivor, a Canadian naturalist, has made a more extensive study of this extraordinary behaviour in birds than anyone. Even so, I am glad of the request to return to this subject, for I have been making numerous observations on my own birds for some months now, and these not only reinforce those of my Canadian colleague but carry the story a little farther.

Anting may be described briefly in this way. Birds have been seen to pick up ants in the beak and then go into an unusual posture. The wings are brought well forward, almost as if to shield the breast, and the tail is carried to one side and turned under the body. Holding this position, the bird lowers its head between the wings and the tip of the beak is rubbed along the extended primaries, usually of one wing only. This may be described as the typical procedure, although there are so many minor variants that any account will be bound to be inadequate in some small particular.

The first comment I would make is that once you have seen a bird ant, you can never again mistake it for anything else, or anything else for it. I have twice previously described it and illustrated it by photographs on this page. On July 16, 1955, I described how our tame rook will strike matches with his beak and ant with the flame; and on October 22 of the same year I described our tame jay doing a similar thing with cigarette-ends. Subsequently, I have received letters from readers in which they have described seeing birds anting, but in some of these instances it was clear to me that the writer had been watching a bird sun-bathing. There are some similarities between anting and sun-bathing, but not many, and, certainly, once you have seen the two kinds of behaviour there is no possibility of confusing them. The anting posture is, therefore, a very definite piece of behaviour and the posture quite characteristic.

The next point to note is that ants are not necessary to call forth this behaviour. In the many observations of it recorded in the literature ants have been the main stimulant, but a wide selection of other substances will produce the same result, such as lemon-peel, wood ash, smoke from a chimney or a wood fire, cigarette- or cigar-ends, moth balls, and so on. This should be remembered in relation to the many explanations put forward. It has been suggested, for example, that by using the ants in this way a bird is endeavouring to rid itself of parasites. Another suggestion is that the formic acid exuded from the ants helps to dress the feathers. Holger Poulsen, a Danish ornithologist, has advanced the theory that the birds are reacting to an irritation caused by the formic acid, and that the anting posture is due to the bird trying to avoid the formic acid being squirted out by the ants as it is eating them.

Derek Goodwin, writing in the *Ibis* (1953, pp. 414-442), describes anting in jays, and adds the observation that these birds will run the bill down the inner edges of the primaries and secondaries, but without an ant in the bill. He also adds: "Invariably as soon as it has finished anting the jay takes a most vigorous and thorough

RETURN TO BIRD-ANTING.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

water bath, followed by equally thorough preening." We find the same with our jay, which is of the same species as that observed by Goodwin,

We have tried a variety of substances with both the jay and the rook, but although other substances will induce a partial or complete anting posture, both perform best with lighted matches (which they fire by pecking the heads of the matches with the beak while holding the stick with one foot) and with cigarette-ends. They will also peck at a thin spiral of smoke and ant with a beakful of non-existent smoke, or peck at a flame with the same result. On one occasion I burnt a handful of straw on the floor of the rook's aviary, whereupon the bird first anted with the smoke, then picked up glowing embers and repeated the performance.

On one occasion my daughter, in remaking a stone wall, uncovered an ants' nest. She scooped a mass of cocoons and ants on to a shovel and walked towards the rook's aviary, and while she was still several feet away the rook saw the shovel and went into the full anting posture, including passing the bill up and down the wings with nothing in it. When offered the shovel, he took only the cocoons and anted with them, afterwards eating them. He ignored the ants. The contents of the shovel were then shot on to the floor of the jay's aviary. He jumped down on to the mass of cocoons and ants and picked up the cocoons only, which he devoured after

anting with one after another. The ants crawled over his legs and feathers, but these he ignored. Following this, the same sample was scooped up again and offered to a crow in another aviary. He also took only the cocoons, and anted with these.

The most surprising result came when we had discovered that our jay likes raisins. The first time he was given a few he took them into his throat pouch and anted, and he has played the same trick a number of times since. With raisins there are these peculiarities: the fruits are in the throat and the beak is closed, the anting posture is vigorous and sustained for a long period of time (up to two minutes), the wings are stretched well forward and the tail twisted, but the head is often held in the normal position and perfectly still. Sometimes, on the other hand, the beak will be apparently passed along the primaries, either with the raisins out of sight in the throat pouch, or with one raisin held in the tip of the beak but not rubbed against the feathers.

Anting is, in my opinion, the result solely of a sensual stimulus, a tickling of the palate, either at sight of food (when the cocoons are a few feet away), at taste of food or other aromatic or acrid substance, such as smoke or moth-balls, or as a result of gentle heat, as when the bird tries to pick up a flame. It is also associated with a mood. For example, the jay will not always ant with raisins or a cigarette-end. It may go for weeks without responding to the stimulants offered, or it may ant time after time during a single afternoon, or day after day, for a period, after which it may be some days before it will perform again. Of one thing I am quite sure: that it has nothing to do with cleaning the feathers or getting rid of vermin. The fact that ants stimulate the behaviour may be due partly to the taste of the edible part of the insect and partly to the formic acid from them touching the bird's palate. The physical posture,

the seeming ecstasy and the rest are probably to be compared, as Roy Ivor suggests, to the ecstasy of a cat over catnip.



A JAY IN ANTING POSITION, AS SEEN FROM BEHIND, TO SHOW THE POSITION OF THE TAIL TWISTED TO ONE SIDE IN THE CHARACTERISTIC POSTURE.



FRONT VIEW OF A JAY ANTING WITH A CIGARETTE-END AND, ON THE GROUND, AN ANTI-MOTH RING.

This shows well the characteristic position of the wings, held well forward of the body. This photograph was taken with a very fast exposure but still shows the speed with which the head is moved rapidly up and down the primaries, with the bill sometimes touching the feathers.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

namely, *Garrulus glandarius*. Our rook, on the other hand, which ants as readily and vigorously as the jay, does not bathe afterwards.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND
OCCASIONS OF NOTE.



SURVIVOR OF MALAYAN JUNGLE ORDEAL: SERGT. K. McCONNELL. On July 13 Sergeant K. G. McConnell, of the Glider Pilot Regt., arrived back in England after keeping himself alive for twenty-two days in the Malayan jungle following a crash in his Auster aircraft. Injuries are the reason for his walking-stick and glasses. He was reunited with his family at Malta on his way home, and after landing at Lyneham Airfield, Wilts, he was taken to hospital for examination.



NEW MANAGING DIRECTOR, ENGLISH ELECTRIC CO.: MR. H. G. NELSON.

Mr. H. G. Nelson has been appointed managing director of the English Electric Company. He has been deputy managing director since 1949, and his new appointment took effect on July 1. His father, Sir George Nelson, has relinquished the managing directorship to devote all his time to the duties of executive chairman of the company. Mr. Nelson read mechanical science at King's College, Cambridge.



NEW PRESIDENT OF R.N. COLLEGE, GREENWICH: VICE-ADML. G. BARNARD. Vice-Admiral G. Barnard has been appointed President of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and will succeed Admiral Sir William G. Andrewes there next December, it was announced by the Admiralty on July 12. Vice-Admiral Barnard was Deputy Chief of the Naval Staff at the Admiralty before going to Washington in 1954 as Admiralty representative on the British Joint Staff.



A FAMOUS ITALIAN AUTHOR: THE LATE GIOVANNI PAPINI.

On July 8 Signor Giovanni Papini, the well-known satirical and humanist writer, and author of works on hagiology, died in Florence at the age of seventy-five. He was a powerful and stimulating writer and one of his best-known books is his *Un Uomo Finito*, an autobiography. He founded and edited the influential Italian paper, *La Voce*, and soon became known for his brilliant gift of invective.



DISAGREEMENT ON CHURCH PRESERVATION POLICY: MR. BULMER-THOMAS. On July 13, on a motion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Trustees of the Historic Churches Preservation Trust dissolved the existing Executive Committee, of which Mr. Bulmer-Thomas was chairman, and constituted a new one under Lord Crookshank. There was disagreement on Mr. Bulmer-Thomas's view that any historic church should receive assistance, whether or not it had applied for aid.



A DISTINGUISHED POET: THE LATE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.

The death occurred on July 11 of the Duchess of Wellington at Withyham. As Dorothy Wellesley she was well known as a poet, publishing her first work in 1920. Her poems published in 1934 were warmly received, W. B. Yeats being among her admirers. She wrote an autobiography and a biography of Sir George Goldie of Nigeria. Her husband succeeded to the title in 1943.



NEW DEPUTY SECRETARY AT MINISTRY OF HEALTH: DAME RUSSELL-SMITH.

Dame Enid Russell-Smith has been appointed to succeed Sir Frederick Armer as Deputy Secretary to the Ministry of Health. She will take up the appointment in November. Dame Russell-Smith, who was educated at St. Felix School, Southwold, and is a graduate of Newnham College, Cambridge, has been an Under-Secretary at the Ministry since 1946 and was created Dame in 1953.



NEW GOVERNOR OF SIERRA LEONE: MR. MAURICE DORMAN.

On July 11 it was announced that Mr. Maurice Dorman has been appointed Governor of Sierra Leone in succession to Sir Robert Hall, who has resigned through ill health. Mr. Dorman, who is forty-three, has been Chief Secretary of Trinidad since 1952, is an expert on social services, and gained experience of West Africa when he served in the Gold Coast before his posting to Trinidad.



SOVIET AMBASSADOR TO BONN RECALLED: MR. ZORIN.

It was announced in Bonn on July 15 that Mr. Zorin, the first Soviet Ambassador to the Federal Republic, who arrived with the setting up of diplomatic relations between the two countries seven months ago, has been recalled. Neither Mr. Zorin's new appointment nor a successor in Bonn has yet been announced. Mr. Zorin paid a farewell visit to Hr. von Brentano on July 14.



NEW DIRECTOR OF THE LONDON MUSEUM: DR. D. B. HARDEN.

The appointment of Dr. Donald Harden to be Director of the London Museum from October 1 has been approved by the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. He will succeed Professor W. F. Grimes, who has been appointed Director of the Institute of Archaeology and Professor of Archaeology at London University. Dr. Harden has been on the staff of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, since 1929.



TO ADVISE ON NEW CYPRUS CONSTITUTION: LORD RADCLIFFE.

On July 14 Lord Radcliffe arrived in Cyprus on a preliminary visit. He received a "chilling reception." As Constitutional Commissioner he will try to learn all he can from all available sources and, later on, is to advise in the drafting of a new Constitution. Many influential Greek Cypriots said negotiations could only be held with Archbishop Makarios, now in exile. The Turkish community welcomed Lord Radcliffe's arrival.



A WELL-KNOWN PUBLISHER: THE LATE MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

After a short illness, Mr. Eveleigh Nash, who founded the publishing house of that name and also *Nash's Magazine*, died at the age of eighty-two in a nursing home on July 9. After working with various publishing houses he started his own firm in 1902, and in 1921, after civilian war service, he was joined by Sir Henry Grayson, the firm being then known as Nash and Grayson.

TALL—AND SMALL SHIPS: WINNERS IN THE INTERNATIONAL SAILING RACE.



FOURTH IN THE BIG-SHIPS CLASS IN THE TORBAY-LISBON RACE: THE SWEDISH TRAINING SCHOONER *FALKEN* (220 TONS), WHICH HAD AN ELAPSED TIME OF 152 HRS. 19 MINS. 11 SECS. (CORRECTED TO 134 HRS. 46 MINS. 41 SECS.).



SECOND IN THE BIG-SHIPS CLASS, DESPITE BEING BECALMED 100 YARDS SHORT OF THE FINISH: THE NORWEGIAN FULL-RIGGED SHIP *CHRISTIAN RADICH* (676 TONS), 157 HRS. 57 MINS. 16 SECS. (CORRECTED TO 127 HRS. 24 MINS. 6 SECS.).



THE LEADER FOR MOST OF THE RACE, EVENTUALLY THIRD OF THE BIG SHIPS: THE TURKISH YAWL *RUYAM* (102 TONS), WHICH HAD AN ELAPSED TIME OF 140 HRS. 46 MINS. 21 SECS. (CORRECTED TO 127 HRS. 34 MINS. 26 SECS.).

The international sail training-ship race began at Torbay on July 7; and the first ships crossed the finishing-line near the mouth of the Tagus on July 13, in this order: the Argentine cutter *Juana*, the Turkish yawl *Ruyam*, the British staysail schooner *Creole*, the Swedish barquentine *Flying Clipper*, the British ketch *Moyana* and the Swedish schooner *Falken*. By July 15 it was possible to see the final order of the leading ships in the two classes, under and over 100 tons, when the times had been corrected



THE FIRST SHIP TO FINISH AND PLACED SECOND IN THE UNDER-100-TON CLASS: THE ARGENTINE CUTTER *JUANA* (25 TONS), WHICH HAD THE ELAPSED TIME OF ONLY 139 HOURS AND LOST ON HANDICAP TO *ARTICA II*.



THE SMALLEST SHIP IN THE RACE AND WINNER OF THE UNDER-100-TON CLASS: THE ITALIAN NAVY'S BERMUDIAN YAWL *ARTICA II* (16 TONS), WHICH HAD A TIME ALLOWANCE OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS ON *JUANA*.

according to handicap, the times given above being subject to slight correction. In the big-ships class the corrected order was: *Moyana* (U.K.) (a photograph of which appears on the facing page), *Christian Radich* (Norway), *Ruyam* (Turkey), *Falken* (Sweden), *Gladan* (Sweden), *Flying Clipper* (Sweden), *Creole* (U.K.). In the smaller ships the order was: *Artica II* (Italy), *Juana* (Argentina), *Sereine* (France), *Marabu* (U.K.) and *Bellatrix* (Portugal).



THE BRITISH WINNER OF THE MAIN PRIZE IN THE TORBAY - LISBON SAILING RACE: THE 103-TON KETCH *MOYANA*.

The ketch *Moyana*, entered by the School of Navigation, Southampton, and sailed by fifteen Merchant Navy cadets with five officers and two petty officers, won the main prize for sailing ships in the over-100-ton class in the international sail training-ship race from Torbay to Lisbon; and her master, Captain H. Stewart, was to receive the trophy from the President of Portugal, General Craveiro Lopes, on July 17. She was the fourth ship to cross the

finishing-line, and her elapsed time for the voyage was 152 hours 2 mins. 57 secs., her corrected time with handicap being 126 hours 21 mins. 37 secs., a little over an hour better than the corrected time of the Norwegian full-rigged ship, *Christian Radich*. *Moyana*, fifty-seven years old, was built by Whites of Southampton for the Earl of Dunraven, and when in his ownership won the King's Cup at Cowes.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I CANNOT guess how many people read "A Voyage to Arcturus" in these days: I hope that numbers do read it. The late David Lindsay's book was put on recently as a sound-radio play, to the pleasure of all who have taken that journey, with Maskull, across Tormance, and who have found themselves haunted permanently by the people and the appearance of an extraordinary world. I mention it now because, while listening to "Love's Labour's Lost" at Stratford-upon-Avon, I remembered oddly the region of Matterplay, the valley, fertile beyond belief, in which "it looked as if life-forms were being coined so fast by Nature, that there was not physical room for all."

Similarly, on the lawns of Shakespeare's Navarre one feels that there is not time for the dramatist to say what he wishes. Phrase presses upon phrase. The sets of wit slip by at speed. A young writer, fertile beyond belief, is seeking to cram in everything while he can, as if there will be no more plays after to-morrow. Yet it is managed with elegance, with style, and there is at the back of this youthful exuberance a curious pervasive melancholy of the summer twilight, as if the dramatist will say before long, "Youth's a stuff will not endure."

The first impression is of an eager burst of music, and, in performance, "Love's Labour's Lost" must be regarded as music. A director and cast who care nothing for the tunes may find that the piece begins to tire its audience, that the "silken terms precise, three-piled hyperboles" sound only energetic and anxious as if Shakespeare were one of the young men eager to force a jest into every line: the growing pains of the café wit.

Once acquire a taste for the sweet mocking of this comedy and you never lose it. That is why it is always grief to see a director toiling without reward. We have been lucky with "Love's Labour's Lost" in recent years. Bridges-Adams twice produced it beautifully at Stratford-upon-Avon—once in the last year of the old theatre, once in the third year of the new—and the spreading oak in the King's park must stay in some minds as a permanent setting. Tyrone Guthrie managed it decoratively at the Westminster, and again at the Old Vic; it has been done, of course, in Regent's Park; and then in 1946, Peter Brook, a very young director with a young cast, brought to Stratford the definitive revival of its time. He chose to set the play in the modes of Watteau, on the ground that "the style of the dresses, with its broad undecorated expanses of billowing satin, seemed the ideal visual correlative to the essential sweet-sad mood of this play." Eighteen months before Brook's birth, James Agate—writing of an Old Vic revival in 1923—had called the play "a Watteau . . . of charm and that significance in ordered which unity alone can give, rather than a sprawling cartoon with one ear and one hand by the master, and the rest by a pupil of no particular talent."

This 1946 revival, memorable for Brook's handling of the change of mood at the last, when Mercadé enters, upon the interlude of the Worthies, with his news of death, and "the scene begins to cloud," is fresh still in many playgoers' hearts. It had its nearest counterpart in the courtly Hugh Hunt production for the Old Vic, at the New Theatre, more than three years later: one I recall now for the unexamined Sir Nathaniel, the curate, of Miles Malleon, who walked straight from Tudor Stratford into the young man's Navarre. We have

had no rarer Shakespearean clowning in our time.

The new Stratford production, lacking altogether Brook's sense of rhythm and sound, and with only one exceptional performance—the Holofernes of Mark Dignam who, strangely, had partnered Malleon at the New in 1949—must disappoint the comedy's persuaded lovers. Peter Hall, its young director, and James Bailey, the

the eye, delighted by the costumes, is teased by a setting that gives to us, instead of the park of Navarre, a kind of matter-of-fact hotel terrace. We ought not to think first of décor, but of Shakespeare's language, the speeches that either dart like dragon-flies or else "blow like sweet roses in this summer air." Neither Brook's Watteau production nor the formal enchantments Berkeley Sutcliffe designed for Hunt in 1949, distracted us from the verse. At Stratford now it is some time before the verse reaches us. In fact, our first genuine delight is the appearance of Holofernes, pedantic and tetchy, with a wild gleam in the eye and a mint of Latin in his brain. Mark Dignam, looking, as he used to do, like a cross between Sir Alan Herbert and the late Will Hay's eccentric school-master, with maybe something in his voice of Jimmy Edwards's burnt-toast rasp, is gloriously in command: "A foolish extravagant spirit full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas; apprehensions, motions, revolutions."

At the première the verse began to come to us in the passage where the young men of the "Academe" realise that they are lovers first, students after, and Berowne swoops into the famous speech to "affection's men-at-arms." There, at last, Alan Badel, who earlier had been much too studied, let

Berowne and Shakespeare speak for themselves; and his comrades (Basil Hoskins, Andrew Faulds, David William) also found the note. Presently we were cheerfully beguiled by Geraldine McEwan's gentle canary-tweeting as the Princess: here is a disarming artist, though I would be very careful of the parts I cast her for in Shakespeare. Now and then, on the fringes of the Court, we saw Costard (Clive Revill), who, to my astonishment—I must believe that I heard him aright—turned "God dig-you-den all" into "Evenin', all!" a Cockney at large in Navarre.

Don Adriano de Armado has gone wrong, I am afraid. Harry Andrews, with no feeling of fantasy, allows the part to slide away from him. At the end the songs of Hiems and Ver were managed as they should be in the torchlight, and all melted in sweet melancholy. But director and players had left it late: the first half of the play needs to be reconsidered.

We began with "A Voyage to Arcturus." We end with "The Trip to Bountiful." Horton Foote, an American dramatist, has set out to make us weep. At once our hearts are with the old lady (in her late autumn) who has been cooped for years in a small city flat, bullied by her intolerable daughter-in-law. Beyond anything else, she wants to see her former home in Texas. She steals away on what for her is an adventure comparable to a crossing of the Gobi Desert, a trip to Bountiful. Even though, when she gets to it, it is nothing but a deserted village in a swamp, with the house a wreck of rotting timber and matted creeper, she feels that she has had her wish; that, somehow, life (even on the old terms) will be serener because of it. It has not been love's labour's lost.

This is a single-minded play without any form of subtlety. We are meant to weep, and weep we do, intermittently (the most cynical included) for two hours and a half. Margaret Vines, as the old lady, makes her effects by refusing to insist upon them, and I have rarely detested anyone in the theatre more heartily than I detested the appalling Jessie Mae: a tribute to the actress, Mavis Villiers. Here, undoubtedly, there are tears in things. And how we can enjoy them!



A SCENE FROM ACT I OF "THE SICILIAN VESPER," ONE OF THE SIX VERDI OPERAS PRESENTED BY THE WELSH NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY IN THEIR ONE-WEEK SEASON AT SADLER'S WELLS, JULY 16-21.



"THIS IS A SINGLE-MINDED PLAY. . . WE ARE MEANT TO WEEP, AND WEEP WE DO. . ." A SCENE FROM "THE TRIP TO BOUNTIFUL" AT THE ARTS THEATRE, WITH (L. TO R.) THE HOUSTON TICKET MAN (PETER MANNERING), MRS. CARRIE WATTS (MARGARET VINES), THELMA (JANE JORDAN ROGERS) AND A TRAVELLER (DON GILLILAND).

designer, have decorated the stage with the glowing, lucid colours of their Elizabethan costumes; but for at least half of the evening we are thinking more of these elegant, variegated tableaux than of the play. The pleasure is visual, seldom aural;

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—A Shakespeare Memorial Theatre production, depending more on sight than sound, that begins faintly and revives midway. The best things in it are Mark Dignam's tetchy-complacent Holofernes, some good speaking by Alan Badel, Geraldine McEwan's engaging miniature of the Princess of France, and the costumes (but not the set) by James Bailey. (July 3.)

"THE TRIP TO BOUNTIFUL" (Arts Theatre Club).—Listening to this, we can drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees their medicinable gum. Call it sentimental, if you like, for sentimental it is. But we would not leave the Arts without knowing that the old lady (acted so simply and earnestly by Margaret Vines) has had her wish, her long-hoped-for return to a past that, in her eyes, still shines through the wreckage of the present: the ruined house at Bountiful. Horton Foote wrote the American play. He has provided for everyone in search of a releasing cry; and there is also somebody—a daughter-in-law called Jessie Mae—to hate with a determined fury. (July 4.)

ROYAL OCCASIONS; PRINCESS ANNE'S DOLL'S HOUSE; AND MR. NEHRU.

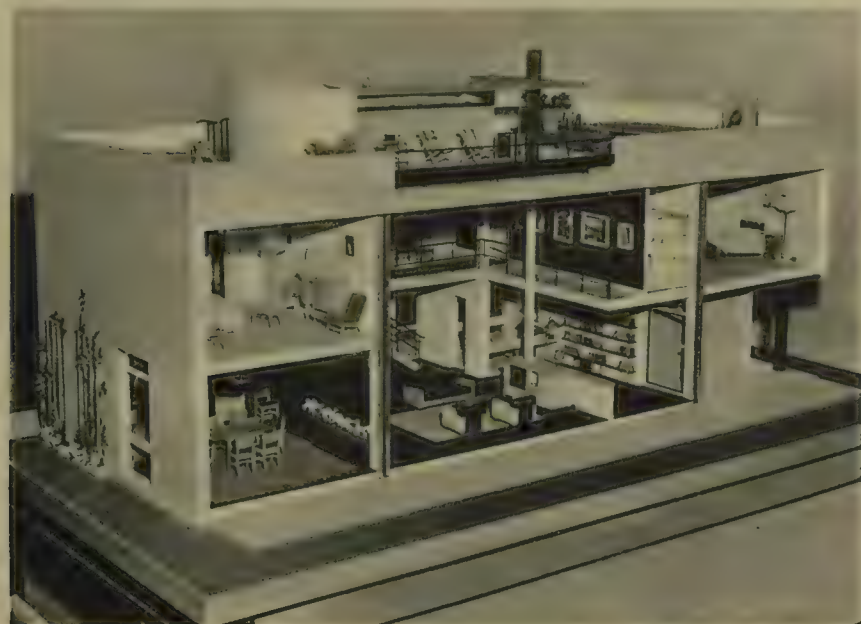


PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN AT THE A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS AT THE WHITE CITY: THE LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER, D. A. G. PIRIE.

MEETING THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: MICHAEL ELLIS, THE OUTSTANDING YOUNG ATHLETE OF LAST YEAR.

The Amateur Athletic Association Championships took place at the White City on July 13 and 14; and on the first day were visited by the Queen, Patron of the Association, and the Duke of Edinburgh. Her Majesty presented the prizes won on this occasion, and a number of famous athletes were presented to her.

DR. ROGER BANNISTER, THE FIRST MAN TO RUN A FOUR-MINUTE MILE, WITH HER MAJESTY.



A PRESENT FOR PRINCESS ANNE: A DOLL'S HOUSE OF CONTEMPORARY DESIGN, ABOUT 6 FT. LONG AND 3 FT. HIGH, AND COMPLETE WITH ROOF GARDEN. Following on a chance remark made by the Duke of Edinburgh during a visit last year to the Finsbury furniture factory of Harris Lebus, the craftsmen of the firm have made this fully-equipped modern doll's house and its furnishings as a gift for Princess Anne. Among the detailed refinements are a lily pond on the roof, running water, and a tiny working radio set.



A CLOSE-UP OF PART OF THE INTERIOR OF THE DOLL'S HOUSE, WITH MINIA-TURE BOOKS ON THE SHELVES AND "OLD MASTERS" HANGING ON THE WALL.



EQUIPPED FOR WATCHING POLO IN THE RAIN AT SMITH'S LAWN, WINDSOR GREAT PARK: HER MAJESTY WITH COUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN, WITH THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE, BEHIND WITH THE ROYAL CORGIS, ON JULY 15.



ARRIVING FOR HIS FIRST OFFICIAL VISIT TO WEST GERMANY: MR. NEHRU (LEFT) SHAKING HANDS WITH DR. ADENAUER AT WAHN AIRPORT ON JULY 13.

FROM GRAND PRIX TO ALPENHORN: A WELSH AND ENGLISH MISCELLANY.



WINNING THE BRITISH GRAND PRIX: J. M. FANGIO FLASHES PAST THE FLAG IN HIS FERRARI. HE COVERED THE 300 MILES (101 LAPS) AT AN AVERAGE OF 98.65 M.P.H. The British Grand Prix, sponsored by the *Daily Express*, turned out to be a triumph for the Italian cars, which took the first three places. The order was: 1. Fangio; 2. Collins, who took over de Portago's car; 3. Behra. Fourth was Fairman in a British Connaught.



FANGIO, THE ARGENTINIAN, AFTER HIS HARD-WON VICTORY AT SILVERSTONE ON JULY 14. SECOND WAS COLLINS, ALSO IN A FERRARI.



DEMOLISHED BY BULLDOZER BY ORDER OF THE HAMPSHIRE C.C.: THE REMAINS OF A PARTLY BUILT HOUSE, BUILT WITHOUT PERMISSION, NEAR RINGWOOD. On July 11 a partially built house belonging to Mrs. Elizabeth Mitchell, a widow of fifty-seven, was destroyed on the order of the Hampshire County Council. Permission to build had not been given and, it was stated, Mrs. Mitchell had received at least eleven official warnings.



MEETING THE PRESS BEHIND THE SANDWICH BAR AT LONDON AIRPORT: MISS MARILYN MONROE WITH SIR LAURENCE AND LADY OLIVIER AND HER HUSBAND. The arrival of Miss Marilyn Monroe, with her newly-married husband, Mr. Arthur Miller the playwright, for her honeymoon and to star in the film "The Sleeping Prince" with Sir Laurence Olivier, took place on July 13 in a flurry of Press conferences, culminating at the Savoy Hotel on July 15, at which Sir Laurence Olivier proved an able chairman.

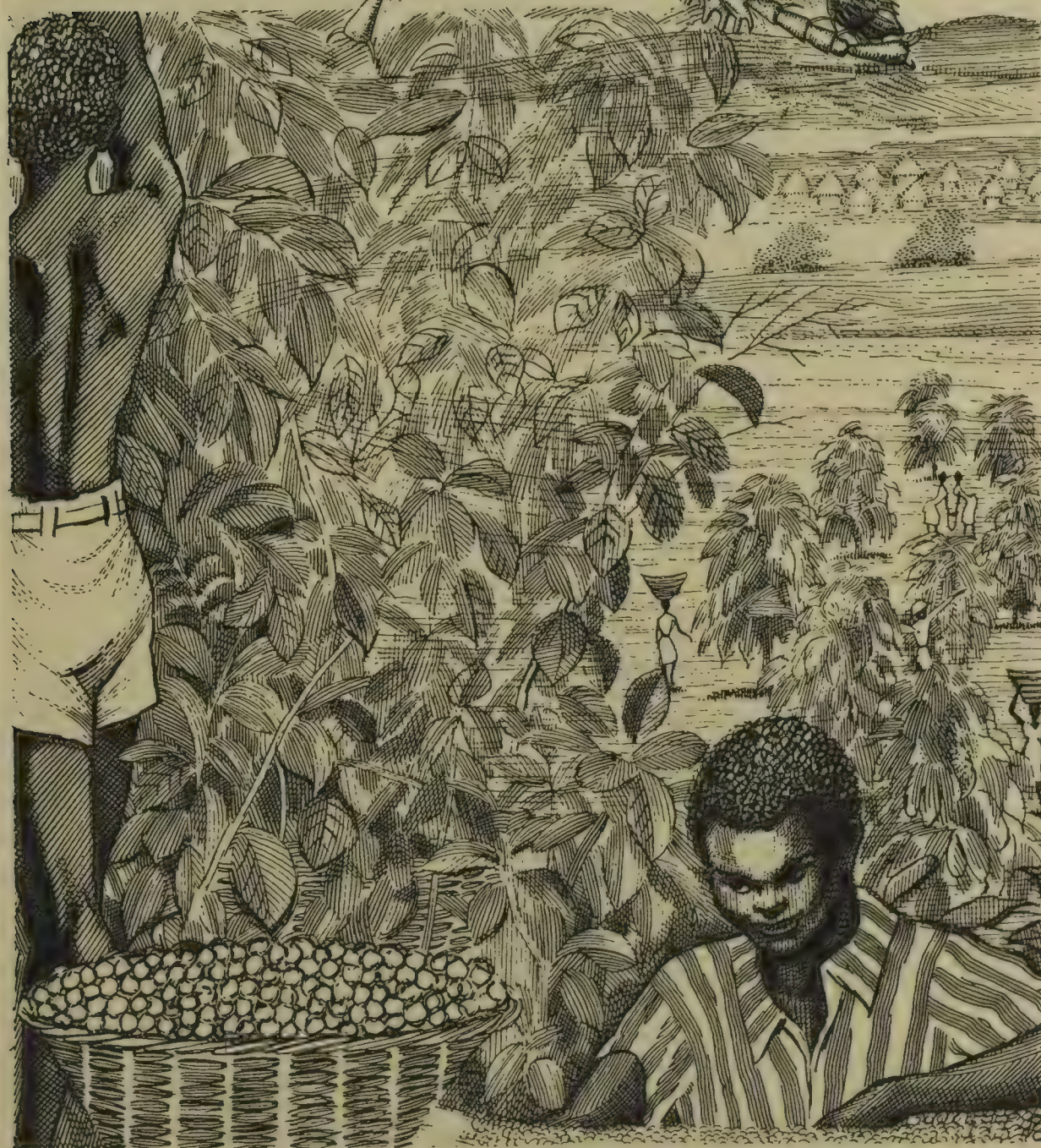
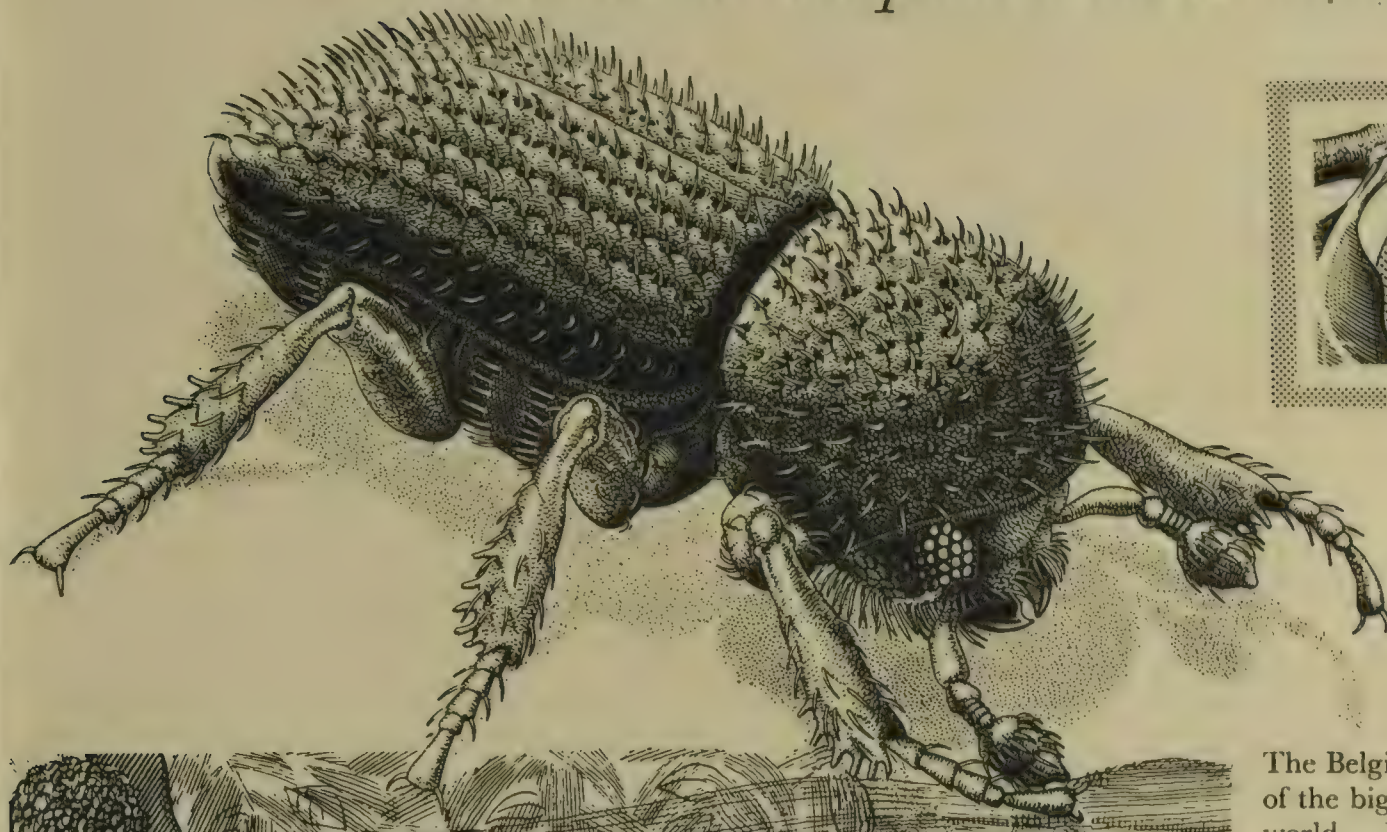


AT THE TENTH INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL EISTEDDFOD AT LLANGOLLEN: FRENCH DANCERS FROM THE ECOLE VENTADOUR OF TULLE GIVING A PERFORMANCE. Many countries were represented in the tenth international Musical Eisteddfod, which was held at Llangollen from July 10-14. At the opening ceremony Mme. Markova danced "The Dying Swan" as a tribute to Anna Pavlova. Five of the seven international trophies went to Britain.



A TRADITIONAL SWISS ALPINE HORN AT LLANGOLLEN: WATCHED BY SOME OF HIS COLLEAGUES AND SOME CZECHOSLOVAKIAN LADIES A SWISS COMPETITOR SOUNDS A PLANGENT CALL AT THE INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL EVENT.

The case of *Stephanoderes hampei* . . .



The Belgian Congo is potentially one of the big coffee growing areas of the world. Its soil and climate are excellent for the valuable crop, yet attempts at large scale development have, for many years, been only partially successful.

The principal pest has been a tiny beetle, *S. hampei*, commonly called the coffee berry borer.

The adult females of this destructive pest tunnel into the unripe berries to lay their eggs, and the resulting larvæ feed on the immature seeds which would otherwise become the coffee beans of commerce.

Until the appearance of endrin, one of the newer Shell insecticides, the coffee berry borer survived all attempts at economic control.

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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IN fiction, when a "delicate" subject ceases to be tabu all is by no means over. Next we get the tentative, as it were, hygienic stage. And we are still in that stage with sexual perversion. It does occur; but it has usually either a muted and hush-hush, or a clinical and enlightened aura. What strikes one about "Thin Ice" by Compton Mackenzie (Chatto and Windus; 13s. 6d.), is its complete naturalness. Henry Fortescue, the brilliant homosexual politician, is on thin ice; his story is not. And it avoids the clinical, through the intervention of a narrator—a devoted, lifelong friend—who neither understands nor hopes to understand it himself. To George Gaymer, Henry's "temperament" is just an opaque and lamentable fact.

He and Henry first meet at Balliol, early in 1897.

From the start it seems an unlikely friendship. Henry is the young phoenix—cold, graceful, very masculine; with icy blue eyes, a personality at nineteen. Already he is mad on politics, and beginning to specialise in the East. Undoubtedly he is going to be someone. While "Geegee" is going to be an amiable potterer. Politics rather bore him; in any case, Henry's flaming Imperialism is not his cup of tea. So they have no common ground; and for this intolerant young Marcellus, one would expect the mild Geegee to have no interest. He is surprised himself—being too normal to conceive of normality as a lifeline. And though Henry "doesn't like girls"—is, in fact, a truculent "woman-hater"—Geegee infers nothing. It takes a holiday in Morocco, his friend's temporary disappearance with a young porter, and even then a broad hint, to give him the clue. Thereafter it is out in the open, at least in principle. And Henry's principle is "not to make a fool of himself." Politics come first; therefore, since he can't be discreet, he must abstain. No more Tetuan escapades. . . . And for about twenty years—years of Eastern travel and parliamentary success—he does abstain. Till after the elections of 1924 when he is passed over. He will never arrive now; and as a middle-aged, and soon an elderly man, in revenge for fate and abstinence, he goes "wandering."

Geegee is part-witness, and sees enough. Yet his tale has a beautiful old-fashioned note. The scene is wide; and all through there is a waft of time and evanescence, quite different from the splenetic good-old-days strain we have become accustomed to. It is typical that Henry seems a repellent young man to start with—and the effect simply, naturally wears off.

OTHER FICTION.

"A Wreath for Udumo," by Peter Abrahams (Faber; 15s.), presents a familiar theme: in African fiction the theme. But it has an uncommon angle. It starts with a group of educated young revolutionaries living in London—usually with, and sometimes on sympathetic white women. Most are from Panafrika, a British colony approaching self-government. But David Mhendi is from Pluralia and his revolt five years ago culminated in a blood-bath, and in exile he drinks too much. But the Panafrikans are still up in the clouds, dreaming, rather than scheming revolution. . . .

Till they are joined by Udumo, the man of destiny. He, too, finds a white woman—but she always knew he would go away. Yet it was "stupid" to betray her as well. . . . However, he returns to Panafrika, succeeds in extorting a Constitution, and becomes Prime Minister. Then comes the real struggle: the war with "poverty and the past," in which the whites are his allies, and his supporters the tribal Africans a deadly peril. It is a moving book and should be read.

"The Seven Islands," by Jon Godden (Chatto and Windus; 10s. 6d.), is a captivating, benign little story about a Sadhu living on an island in the Ganges, in communion with birds and snakes. Near by are the Fakir's island (now uninhabited) and the "bird-island" (never inhabited). And one day there is much ado on the Fakir's island. That good old simpleton, Dr. Mishra, is going to found a religious community—and, of course, it will overflow and displace the birds. Unless the Sadhu can stop it. After three highly uncontentious and amusing pranks, which go ironically amiss, he recollects himself—and Heaven instantly does the job. This is a meagre account; but anyhow, it would be impossible to describe the grace, finish, and charm of atmosphere.

"Moonmilk and Murder," by Aaron Marc Stein (Macdonald; 10s. 6d.) has a background of speleology and Resistance in the Dordogne. Tim Mulligan and Elsie Mac, a couple of mature American archaeologists, have entered one series of caves, and worked their way to a precipitous ledge at the other end. Whenever they try to move along it, a sniper opens up from the ground. Returning through the caves, they find a dead body. The local mayor takes the discovery with great nonchalance, and is curiously slow in rounding up *les pompiers* to retrieve the corpse. It turns out that they are a kind of ex-Resistance club, and were on the point of lynching that "dirty type." . . . One can guess who done it; but it is sprightly work, with a good international-farce angle.

CHESS NOTES.

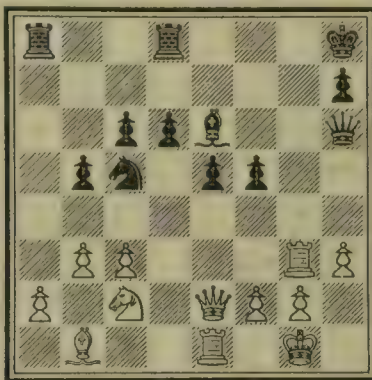
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HAD Keres the dashing cavalier won the "Candidates' Tourney" and the right to challenge Botvinnik for the World Championship, instead of Smyslov the roundhead, chess the world over would be brighter in 1957.

Smyslov won, and everybody will believe that dull chess is the more effective. Sad, because an examination of play in the crucial rounds shows that style had nothing to do with it: *temperament* decided the issue.

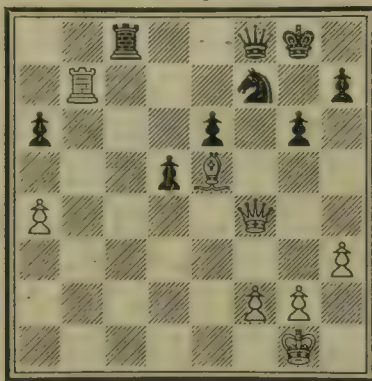
After eleven rounds and again after sixteen, Keres led the field. Each time, the situation unnerved him.

In round twelve, as Black, he reached this position against Pilnik, the tail-ender:



Pilnik shocked him with 29. Kt-Q4! After 29. . . . P×Kt; 30. P×P, any move by the attacked knight except 30. . . . Kt-K5 would give away the bishop; and after 31. B×Kt, P×B; 32. P-Q5! the bishop is lost just the same, as White threatens mate, starting 33. Q-Kt2ch. Pretty, but Keres has foreseen many a deeper pitfall in his day.

In the next round, Keres reached this position against Filip (Black):



38. Q-B6 would now have won. 38. . . . Kt×B is forced, when 39. Q×Kt threatens 40. Q×KPch and if 39. . . . R-K1 (what else?) to stop this, then 40. Q-B7 would win. Instead Keres played 38. K-R2??? and lost.

Keres went to pieces at the critical moment, not because of his method, but because of his make-up!

AS Mr. Dudley Pope says in "The Battle of the River Plate" (Kimber; 18s.), this naval action was the last which was fought in a manner which Nelson or one of his "band of brothers" would have understood. That is to say, after 1940 the use of aircraft and the perfection of radar completely changed sea warfare. It was fitting that the defeat, and subsequent scuttling, of the German pocket battleship *Admiral Graf Spee* should have been due to the Nelsonic-handling of the three cruisers *Exeter*, *Ajax* and *Achilles*, whose combined armament was so much inferior to that of the pocket battleship. As Hitler, through Admiral Raeder, conveyed to Captain Langsdorff, the commander of the *Graf Spee*, it was imperative for the pocket battleship to avoid defeat as the British greatly needed a victory. Few who remember those far-off days of the phoney war will forget the thrill which the news of the action caused throughout the free world. Mr. Pope, with the help of the Admiralty who made available to him both British and German records, has most skilfully reconstructed the action and what led up to it, making us see it through the eyes of both sides. Although, as Mr. Pope points out, naval warfare has been revolutionised, the lesson taught by the *Graf Spee* to this sea-girt island remains valid, and it is one which, at a time when British naval strength is being still further cut, becomes of greater rather than of lesser importance. In the few months she was at liberty in the South Atlantic and the Indian Ocean, the *Graf Spee* only sank nine ships, totalling some 50,000 tons. But the mere fact that she was at sea tied down in the end twenty powerful ships in nine hunting groups, each one of which was badly needed in other spheres of operation. The threat to British sea-borne commerce may change in degree, but scarcely in pattern, and it behoves this country to be sufficiently well equipped at sea to cope with the *Graf Spees* of the future, whether on or below the surface, or in the air above it. Mr. Pope tells this story of gallantry and naval skill with a ready and exciting pen. He asks but leaves unanswered (perhaps we shall never know the answers) some of the curious questions which arise from the chase, the battle and its aftermath. Why, for example, did the *Graf Spee* fail to finish off the crippled *Exeter*? Why, finally, did Captain Langsdorff, an honourable and brave sailor, scuttle her instead of fighting it out? We shall, as I say, probably never know the answers.

BATTLES FOR FREEDOM.

The story of a courageous fight against the Russian and Chinese Communists is told by Mr. Godfrey Lias in "Kazak Exodus" (Evans; 15s.). The Kazaks, a nomadic mongol nation, claiming descent from Genghis Khan and the Golden Horde inhabiting the Altai Range for long years, maintained their independence against both Russian and Chinese Communist imperialism. Gradually, however, they were compressed into a smaller and smaller area, in spite of the many victories which they achieved over their oppressors. Finally, some 20,000 Kazak families, with their herds of camels, sheep and horses, set out from Sinkiang Province on an exodus which Mr. Lias compares with that of the ancient Israelites. Two years later, a remnant of some 1500 to 1800 reached the Indian frontier of Kashmir, after perpetual fighting and unbelievable hardships suffered in their journey across waterless deserts and the high mountains of Tibet. Mr. Lias, as one would expect from a writer of his distinction, tells the story vividly and with sympathy. It is good to know that there are still people in the world who prefer hardship and death to Communism and tyranny, and it is also pleasant to know that the Kazaks are now happily installed in Turkey. An excellent and moving book.

Two books which recall the part played by the Free French in the war in the air are "Lorraine Squadron," by Paul Lambermont, with a Foreword by Air Chief Marshal Sir Basil Embry (Cassell; 13s. 6d.), and "The Mouchotte Diaries," by René Mouchotte (Staples; 15s.). The Lorraine Squadron was formed in 1940 at Fort Lamy, near Lake Chad, out of, as the author says, "just a handful of flyers determined to fight on for defeated France." In those early days, they were few in numbers, and were equipped by our Air Ministry with a small number of Bristol Blenheims. They gradually built up their strength until they were playing a valuable part in air attacks on the Italians in Ethiopia and Libya, and later as part of the 2nd Tactical Air Force under the command of Sir Basil Embry. The story is carried through to its exciting finish when the Lorraine Squadron, once more based in France, were dropping bombs on German soil.

Commandant René Mouchotte was one of the greatest of France's war heroes. He escaped from Oran in 1940 in an unserviceable plane which he stole from under the nose of the authorities. In the three years which followed, he became the commanding officer of the Alsace Squadron, based on Biggin Hill, and became one of the most outstanding flyers on either side in the war. Throughout the war, until his death in action in August 1943, he kept a daily diary. It makes remarkable and heartening reading. Mouchotte was not only a gallant man, but a good man; and few who read his testament will fail to be moved by it.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

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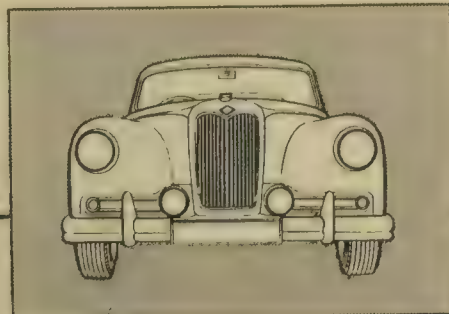
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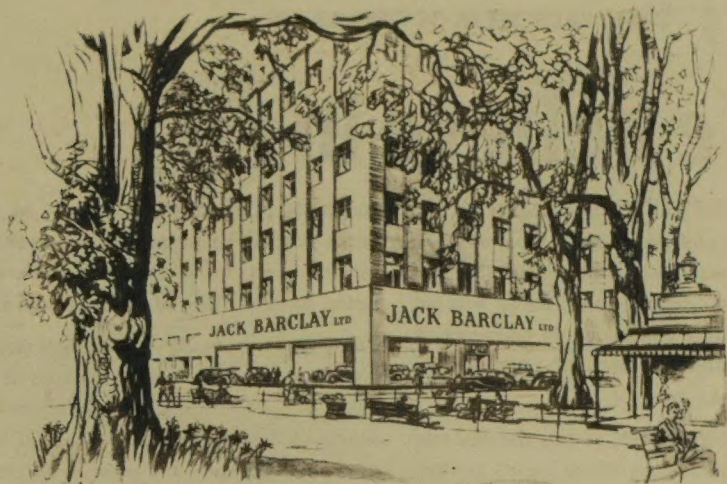


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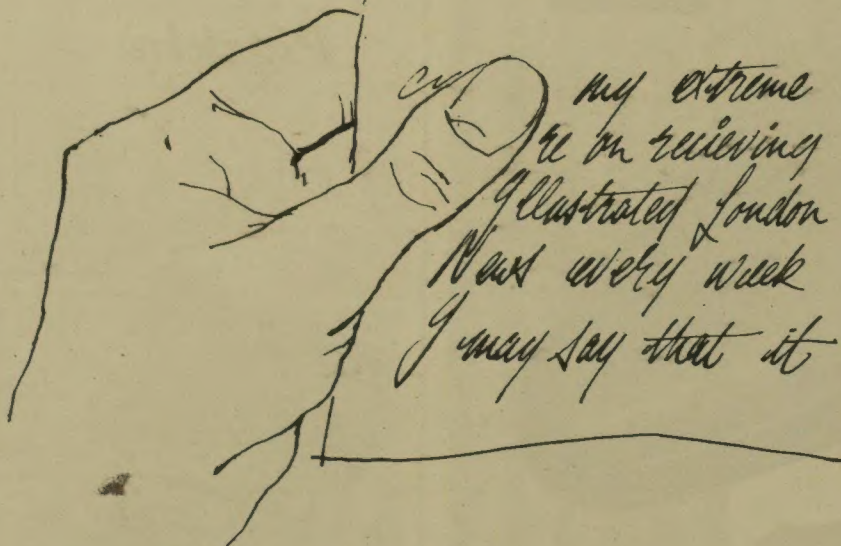
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